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THE

PLEASURES OF HOME.

AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

J. WASHINGTON MORTON.

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THE PLEASURES OF HOME.

CANTO FIRST.

ANALYSIS OF CANTO FIRST.

THE Poem opens with a description of the earth, when in a chaotic state. The separation of land and water, in the process of renovation. Apostrophe to ocean. The flowing of streams, and the return of day and night. Creation of plants and trees. Birds, and their music. Creation of man, and his first location in Paradise: his primeval happiness consummated in the creation of woman: the universal joy that succeeded. The fall and expulsion of man, with their attendant miseries.

Love of home, natural to man. The peculiar tastes of different individuals, as exhibited in the localities of their homes. Description of a home in the city—in the suburbs. Rural life. The sweets of solitude. Apostrophe to solitude. The pious Hermit and the Misanthrope, contrasted.

Home, the seat of influence. Influence of the wife. Apostrophe to woman. Influence of parents and teachers. Mutual influence of brothers and sisters. The pleasures of home continuous, and common to all.

THE PLEASURES OF HOME.

CANTO FIRST.

THERE was a time, when dark mists gathered round
This shapeless earth. The ocean knew no bound;
But o'er the lofty hills the billows swept,
And lawless, on the mountain's summit, slept.
Scarcely the risen sun, with glowing flame,
Could penetrate the gloom, when morning came;
But o'er that wide expanse, where cheerless night
Brooded in silence, cast a wand'ring light,—
And scarcely told that solitary ray
How low that sphere, once bright, in ruins lay.
There was no home—no happy fireside, there,
Nor living thing to breathe the misty air.

The Spirit of the Lord went forth, to play
Along the gloomy waste, and brushed away
The heavy clouds. The waters poured their tide
Backward, and filled the valleys deep and wide,
And sought their level. Then arose to sight
The hills, and mountains, of majestic height;
And, as the ever-restless ocean roared,
And on the rocky coast its mad waves poured,
Those tow'ring hills sent back their answering wail,
While echo went careering round the vale.

Ocean! how bold the music of thy waves,
 That roll, in peerless might, above the graves
 Of sleeping ages! Silent is thy bed,
 With flowers of 'Time's first loveliness o'erspread,
 And gems of pure, unfading beauty, sleep
 Down in the storehouse of the mighty deep!

Then playfully came forth the murmuring rills.
 From fountains in the bosom of the hills,
 And, gliding down the bare and rocky steep,
 Hastened to yield their tribute to the deep.
 Once more revolving day and night returned;
 Once more the sun through kindling ether burned;
 The moon began her nightly vigils too,
 And bright stars, twinkling, shone through heaven's blue

Gay morning dawned upon the ocean isles
 In dazzling splendor, while her gladdening smiles
 Rested on every stream and every hill,
 And deep through Nature's bosom sent a thrill
 Of holiest rapture; and the sunshine beamed
 With such pure lustre, that the fabric seemed
 Like some fair palace, which th' omniscient mind
 Of earth's Almighty Framer had designed,
 To show the glowing beauties of his face,
 Created for his own bright dwelling-place.

But soon the hills and vales were covered o'er
 With richer beauties. From the ocean's shore,
 Along each verdant plain, extended wide,
 And up the lofty mountain's rugged side,
 The springing grass, and budding flowers were seen,
 And Nature's face was decked with smiling green.

Ere long, majestic trees began to shoot,
 Their branches bending down with golden fruit,
 Beside the rolling streams, whose waters pure
 A gentle murmuring made, and seemed to lure,
 With songs of harmony, and lays of love,
 The angels from their happy homes above.

The joy-inspiring groves of Eden bloomed
 In pristine loveliness, while they perfumed
 With sweetest fragrance the surrounding air,
 And shed their drops of balm and nectar there.
 And beautiful the ripened fruits that hung,
 With none to pluck them, while the sweets they flung
 Abroad so largely, seemed but thrown away,
 Thus to become the sport of winds at play.

Nor long was Eden silent; for the flowers
 Were scarcely full blown in her heavenly bowers,
 When loudly, to the great Creator's praise,
 The happy birds began their stirring lays.
 It was a rich and soul inspiring strain,
 In which ten thousand voices joined: the plain
 Was rendered vocal with the moving song,
 And angels listened as it swept along.

Each morning early, ere arose the sun,
 Was that impassioned lay of joy begun,
 And, when the same in noonday splendor glowed,
 Sweetly the same unlettered numbers flowed,
 Nor ceased, till faded evening's milder beam,
 And silvery moonlight glittered in the stream.
 Fair was the scene! Alas! no one was there,
 With heart to feel, or tongue to tell, *how fair!*

But soon, a being of peculiar mien
 Appeared in Eden's bowers, to crown the scene;
 A bright intelligence, majestic, grand,
 Rose fresh beneath the Maker's forming hand,
 And he who lay at morn, a senseless clod,
 At evening, animated, walked abroad,
 And, stamped with his Creator's image bright,
 His spirit filled with pure and heavenly light,
 With ecstasy the glowing scene surveyed,
 And felt the all-pervading joy that played
 Upon those inward chords, by wisdom strung,
 To speak the soul's delight with burning tongue.

O! with what inward gratitude did man
 The glories of his wide dominion scan!
 How largely did his grateful heart o'erflow,
 When he received, as lord of all below,
 His Maker's blessing! and he sung a lay
 Of loftiest music on his natal day,—
 A rapturous song, by nature's Author tuned,
 With whose eternal Spirit he communed.

And well he might, for it was fair to gaze
 Upon the morning sun's unclouded blaze,
 And evening glory, when he sank to rest,
 And mildly beamed upon the ocean's breast.
 And sweet it was, among the flowering trees,
 By Eden's streams, to listen to the breeze
 That whispered so delightfully along,
 And bore upon its wings the night-bird's song,
 While soft and sportive moonlight lit the sky,
 And stars looked down in beauty from on high.

Nor least of all the joys of that bright hour,
 Was the inspiring thought, that all—the bower,
 The birds, the stream, and grove, on which alone
 Man gazed, as sovereign ruler—were his own.
 His were the flowers that smiled before his eyes,
 And his the golden fruits of Paradise.
 To him was language given, to impart
 The rich o'erflowings of a grateful heart;
 Grateful to Him who gave him power to roam,
 And seek for pleasures, round his happy home.
 And happily the golden moments flew;
 The joys of life assumed their varied hue;
 Nought but society was wanting there,
 To render that bright home supremely fair.

Few were the days that thus by man were spent,
 When Heaven's last and greatest boon was sent,
 And woman came, whose presence brought a ray
 Of light, to cheer man's solitary way.

The sons of God, whose happy shout had made
 The heavens echo, when the Builder laid
 The earth's foundation; and the stars of morn,
 Who chanted when the universe was born,
 Saw the re-furnished earth, so lately void,
 And all the happy hosts of seraphs joyed,
 As they beheld the fast unfolding plan,
 That Wisdom had prepared a home for man.

Hail, bright, auspicious morn! when seraphs made
 A feast of solemn joy; when rapture played
 Upon the chords of Heaven's lofty lyre,
 Mingled with strains of the angelic choir,

That melted into harmony and love,
Breathing the sympathy of worlds above.

How pleasantly were Eden's groves perfumed
With flowers, that in their native wildness bloomed,
Sweeter than grew beside Castalia's fount,
Or graced the gentle slopes of Ida's mount,
Yielded the nectar of Olympic Jove,
Or shed their sweets in Enna's pleasant grove.

What pleasure filled the aromatic air,
And swelled the bosoms of the happy pair!
Their cup was full. There were no bitter tears
To dim their sparkling eyes; no restless fears
To mar their quiet; and they felt no pain,
That might contract the placid brow; no stain
To dim the spotless heart, and make them feel
The stings of Conscience, or the poignant steel
Of grim Remorse; but all was bright and calm
As their own sunny skies, that yielded balm,
More rich than that of Gilead, and pure,
Though needed not, where none were found to cure.

Full well they loved their home! when glad and bright
They left their couch, refreshed, at morning light;
And when, in harmony with nature's lays,
They sang their morning hymn of grateful praise!
Strangers alike to sinful thoughts and guile!
The husband spake his joys; the wife's sweet smile
Revealed what bliss was her's. Nor had they fled
From that delightful home, though they had shed
Warm tears of fond regret—almost despair—
O'er crimes and follies perpetrated there,

Had not the sword of God been forced to rise,
And drive them from the joys of Paradise.

Sad was the hour, when that enamored pair,
Thrust out from home, and all the pleasures there,
Surrendered, with a tear, each darling sweet,
While flaming cherubs guarded their retreat!

Wisdom has planted in the human breast
A love of home. 'Tis silently expressed
In all the leading actions of mankind,
The fairest, noblest attribute of mind.

All love their homes, and fancy they are bright,
Though widely differing to outward sight.
With mind and feelings ever active, some
Delight to dwell amid the busy hum
Of crowded city; and they love to meet,
At every corner, friends whom they may greet
With answering smiles. To them, the cheerful ring
Of loud and happy voices sweeps a string
Upon life's strangely sounding instrument,
That ever vibrates to the heart's content.

And many love the gorgeous, festal hall,
When young and old, responding to the call
Of mirth and revelry, together meet,
And cheerfully enjoy the social treat;
When hopeful hearts beat high, and faces bright
With loveliness, are smiling in the light
Of brilliant chandeliers; when every ear
Is ringing with a tale of happy cheer;
When light hearts mingle in the merry dance,
And warm sighs, half suppressed, with stolen glance.

Unconsciously reveal what hidden truth
 Lurks in the bosom of the love-sick youth.
 O! there are many who imagine this
 The highest joy of mortals—perfect bliss!

But when those sickening pleasures are enjoyed
 To full satiety, how deep the void
 They leave within the aching breast! The soul,
 Now tired of careless wandering, seeks the goal,
 And, while the flame of disappointment burns,
 Back to its home the weary heart returns,
 To seek its rest. O! 'tis the kindling joy
 Of fireside scenes, that nothing can alloy.

With calmer disposition, and a mind
 To peace and rural quiet more inclined,
 The man of easy life prepares a seat,
 Without the bustling town; a still retreat,
 Where he may choose, as pleasure is, to spend
 The time in solitude, or with a friend,
 Of known and tested worth. He loves to gaze
 Upon the distant city, and the blaze
 Of evening sunshine, like unearthly fires,
 Reflected brightly from her hundred spires
 Of gilded surface, and the windows bright,
 Bathed in the glories of the fading light.
 These have their kindling pleasures to impart;
 Each has a charm to captivate his heart.

He cultivates a grove of flowering trees
 Around his home, and when the tuneful breeze
 So playfully awakes and whispers by,

Like a fond mother's tender, anxious sigh,
 Or like the murmuring of gentle streams,
 O how it makes the spirit bound! and seems
 A voice from Academus! and the well
 Of Science, sweet and deep, begins to swell
 To overflowing, while its waters roll,
 With bolder current onward, and the soul
 Approaches, pleased to stand upon the brink,
 Admire the beauty of the scene, and drink.

O happy swain! how noble is thy choice!
 How many, sick and weary, would rejoice,
 With thee the paths of rural lore to tread,
 And borrow wisdom from the mighty dead!

Yet e'en those pleasures, though exalted all,
 Too long and copiously enjoyed, *must* pall;
 And when the votary of Science turns
 Aside from his Philosophy, and learns
 That 'tis a fruitless, vain pursuit, to tread
 Her labyrinthine windings; when his head
 Is filled with fancies, that he fain would strive,
 Yet knows not how, from memory to drive;
 O 'tis a thing of silent, wondrous power
 To calm the troubled mind, to spend an hour
 Of sweet tranquillity, or joyous mirth,
 With those, beloved above all else on earth!
 And happy he, to whom his Maker sends
 The blessed boon of family and friends!

Far down amidst a green, sequestered vale,
 By lordly forests sheltered from the gale,

That sweeps along the hills, and by its rude,
Neglected state, and by the solitude,
Unbroken, free, and still, that reigns around,
Protected from the storms of war, and sound
Of civil discord: there, unused to strife,
Another leads a peaceful, quiet life.

With care he cultivates his little farm,
With his own implements, nor dreams of harm;
Gathers the golden harvest from his field,
While all the blessings industry can yield,
A free and easy conscience, with a mind
To all the ways of Providence resigned,
Continued health, a clear, unclouded brow,
Sacred alone to those who wield the plough;
A pure and guileless soul; unbroken sleep;
A readiness to weep with those that weep;
A heart to joy with all the sons of bliss.
All these belong to him, and more than this,
Content, that richest gift that heaven can
Bestow upon a fallen, mortal man.
But what to *him* were all those varied means
Of reaping pleasure—all those rural scenes,
Without the joys of home, and kindred dear?
A cheerless, empty blank in man's career.

Lo! far removed from busy haunts of men,
The tenant of a wild and lonely den,
The pious Hermit dwells, and offers there
To heaven the morning and the evening prayer,
And song of gratitude to Him, whose grace
Gave, in the wilderness, a lodging place,

Like that for which the mourning prophet sighed,
 And melancholy Cowper, when he cried
 To heaven for pity on a rebel land,
 That trembled under God's avenging hand.

Few are his pleasures, but serene his mind;
 His wants are few, and simple in their kind;
 The trees that skirt the forest wilds, afford
 Sufficient bread to crown his simple board.
 He drinks pure water from the running brook,
 And reads in Nature's fair, unlettered book,
 The plain, unvarnished truth. O happy lot!
 What place so calm, so fit for pious thought!

Engaging Solitude! how much the wise
 Of every age thy consolations prize!
 O how delightful for the lone recluse,
 In some sequestered, still retreat, to muse
 Upon the changing world! 'Twas in a cave
 The Cretan Statesman* framed the laws he gave
 To the admiring nations. He, who spies
 A *distant* crowd, best knows its form and size.

Now to his solitary cell repair—
 And can the human eye discover there
 The elements of home? Is there a friend,
 A brother, wife, or child, in whom may blend
 The pleasures of society? Ah, no!
 But there is more—there's heaven begun below!

O scorn him not! for 'twas a Hermit's hand,
 That swift through Europe bore a lighted brand;

* MINOS.

Against the Infidel's oppression hurled
 His thunderbolts, and roused the Christian world. (1)
 And brighter shines the Hermit in his cave,
 Than Eastern gem, or pearl beneath the wave.

But who is this who treads, with visage wan,
 Bleak, stormy wilds, where none before have gone!
 Misanthrope! fool! convinced that all are foes,
 And tortured with imaginary woes!
 Those evil passions he affects to spurn,
 That in his own vile bosom hottest burn.
 Most worthless offspring of our hapless fall,
 Justly detested, hated, spurned by all.

Unlike the pious Hermit, who admires
 The pleasing thoughts that Solitude inspires,
 Because he loves to stand and meditate,
 With awe, on Nature's wonders, vast and great.
He passes all her simpler beauties by,
 And to her fearful works directs his eye.
He loves to stand upon the riven rock,
 And contemplate the earthquake's dreadful shock.
 When storms come up, *he* climbs the mountain's height,
 Not to adore and tremble at the sight,
 But on the summit plants his fragile form,
 Mocks at the lightning, and defies the storm! (2)
 Mysterious lightning! who can understand
 The terrors of thy strong, though viewless hand!
 Who does not quake, when glows the parted air!
 Who does not tremble at thy sudden glare!

And has that gloomy wretch a home? Ah, no!
 In vain he seeks around, above, below,

For such a boon as Heaven never gave
 To Crime's black worshipper, or Passion's slave;
 And never yet did man on earth abide,
 Without a home, who happy lived or died.

How strange and boundless is the influence
 Men wield at home! A gracious Providence
 Has wisely ordered in his perfect plan,
 That all the leading interests of man
 Should cluster round his peaceful fireside, where
 His power to fashion, with assiduous care,
 Each darling object at his will, is known,
 Almost without a bound; and he alone
 That duty can perform; his forming hand,
 Outstretched above the dear, domestic band,
 Is fraught with power almost omnipotent,
 To point the course the young twig shall be bent;
 Out of that mass of living clay to frame
 Vessels of honor, or of endless shame..

When evening comes, and day's hard toils are o'er,
 The wife to meet her husband in the door
 Of their neat cottage stands, in all her charms,
 Ready to greet him home with open arms.
 When, gladly welcomed in, he takes his seat
 Beside their frugal meal, by toil made sweet,
 With honied smiles, and sweet, enchanting voice,
 She bids his broken spirit to rejoice.
 Soon he forgets the labors of the day,
 While cheerfully she hymns the evening lay,
 And kindness, to all other charms preferred,
 Breathes in the richness of each tender word.

O woman! mighty is thy influence!
 A cup of sweetest balm; a fountain, whence
 Those deep, pure streams of milk and honey flow,
 Whose healing power the sons of misery know.
 How strong thy soft endearments to assuage
 Anger's hot fever, Passion's burning rage!
 To guide the wandering steps of those that roam;
 But, to be strong, they *must* be felt at home.

How beautiful the spectacle! how grand,
 Around the blazing fire, to see a band
 Of smiling youth, whose visages are bright
 With hope, and glow with intellectual light.
 The chilling blasts of winter cannot freeze
 The warm life-blood, in happy hearts like these;
 For, though along th' unsheltered glade, the storm
 In all its fury rage, their hearth is warm;
 Though howling tempests revel on the heath,
 In fearful, deathlike madness; though beneath
 The snow is deep, and winds are loud above;
 Yet all within that home is peace and love.

How pleasing is the sight, when parents take
 The mask of dignity, for children's sake,
 Off from their sunny features, and unite
 With them in sports and frolicsome delight!
 And when a bright hour thus has passed away
 In innocent amusement, and the gay,
 Young hearts are warm, and e'en inclined to burn
 With rapture over-much, how sweet to turn
 Their thoughts to serious things, and light that flame,
 Which Reason and Religion justly claim!

Who does not love to see the infant mind
 And heart improve, beneath the proper kind
 Of cultivation! Who would hesitate
 To take the soul in its incipient state,
 And sow the seeds of intellectual might,
 With sensibility, and moral height,
 In fearless hope that Providence will send
 The dews of Heaven's power, that may descend
 Deep in the soil, and make the furrowed field
 Display, at harvest, an abundant yield!

When days and years have slowly wandered past,
 And childhood scenes have faded all at last;
 When girls to blushing womanhood, and boys
 To rugged manhood grow, then higher joys,
 And nobler hopes light up the placid brow,
 But short in their duration. Ye, who now
Possess the pleasures of that happy state,
Enjoy those pleasures, ere it be too late!

O! who can e'er divine the matchless power
 A winning sister wields, when in the flower
 Of virgin loveliness! What brother feels
 Her soft and gentle pressure, when she seals
 Upon his heart, with unaffected skill,
 The stamp indelible of good or ill!
 The brother, too! How fondly does he gaze
 Upon that sister's countenance, where rays
 Of holy light, with kindling lustre shine,
 And brighter grow, and seem almost divine!

And wake those sacred pleasures all for nought?
 Dim traces on the blotted page of thought?

And leave those richest, rarest flowers of mind,
No grateful scent, no golden fruits behind?
O yes! their history is written bright
On memory's page, in characters of light;
And ne'er shall fade those pure, celestial fires,
Or vanish, till eternity expires!

O! sweet domestic pleasures! still the same
Where'er enjoyed! Beneath the glowing flame
Of Afric's hottest sun, or 'mid the snows
And frosts of Arctic isles; where onward flows
The river, with its broad, majestic stream;
Where icy mountains glow with morning's beam;
In forests deep, where roams the wild beast free,
And even on the wide, unbounded sea!

THE PLEASURES OF HOME.

CANTO SECOND.

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ANALYSIS OF CANTO SECOND.

Native home exhibited under the similitude of a sacred fountain. Love of domestic pleasures induces patriotism. The Patriot's affection for his native land, and the scenes of his youth. Apostrophe to music.

Reasons for the Patriot's love, given, and illustrated: his zeal and constancy in the hour of his country's trial. Reference to the Patriots of Greece—of Britain. Reference to J. Q. ADAMS, the renowned champion of the right of petition. The Patriot's courage on the field of battle. Noble death of the Martyrs of Liberty, in all ages. Apostrophe to Liberty. National monuments, an evidence of patriotism. Disappointment of the soldier, who returns, and finds his home plundered and forsaken.

The wanderer's love of home. Reference to the mariner. Peculiar affection of the Swiss. Miseries of the exile. The Hebrew captives. The unhappy fate of the North American Indians.

THE PLEASURES OF HOME.

CANTO SECOND.

DELIGHTFUL moment! when the star of eve
Shines dimly forth, and day is taking leave
Of mountain, stream, and grove, to turn aside,
And wander near some hallowed fount, whose tide
Possesses strong, mysterious, healing power!
O! happy twilight season! tranquil hour!
Sacred to contemplation! How the mind
O'erflows, with joy unspeakable, to find
That that deep fountain, whence, in days of yore,
There came forth living waters, spreading o'er
The vast surrounding plains, with power to cure
The maladies of men, is still as pure,
As healing in its nature, as when first,
Forth from the bowels of the earth, it burst!

The scene is still, and Silence has begun
Her noiseless reign. The feelings outward run,
With smooth and placid current, while the soul
Is lifted up, and on the wings she stole
From swift Imagination, backward flies,
And to the tombs of sleeping sages hies,
Who, ages long ago, enjoyed their prime,
And flourished in the infancy of time.

When on that same rich scented, flowery bank,
 Ancestral myriads sat, and deeply drank
 Their fill, and lays of heaven-born rapture sung,
 While every grove with twilight music rung.
 Then as the soul surveys the scene, and feels
 Devotion's holy fire, how gently steals
 A strain of half-forgotten tones, that sweep
 Affection's chords, with veneration deep!
 The stars look downward with a purer light;
 The glowing skies are fairer to the sight;
 The trees put on a richer green, and bloom
 With richer flowers, and balmier perfume!

And still more pleasing is the strange effect
 Produced upon the mind, when we reflect,
 That those pure, healing streams are not confined
 To those about their source; but are designed
 For all who choose their blessings to ensure;
 Who feel their virtues, and desire a cure.
 Far down the green and sunny vale, where flows
 That river, still, majestic, deep, that grows,
 As on it travels, happy myriads own
 Its power, and far its influence is known.

Even so, the blissful joys of home, that spring
 Around the dear, domestic fireside, bring
 Pleasure where'er they go, while they impart
 A healing balm to every fainting heart.

From fireside joys, the fond possessor turns
 His anxious gaze around him, when he learns
 That much, full much he owes his native land,
 And dearly should he love the social band.

Thus he, who loves his family to-day,
 To-morrow freely gives himself away,
 A patriot, to his country's cause resigned—
 Next day an ardent lover of mankind.

The patriot loves the land where he was born,
 Where happily he spent his youthful morn:
 He loves to tread among her hills and vales,
 And feels peculiar freshness in the gales
 That whistle round her fanes, with echo deep,
 Or through her lordly forests idly sweep:
 He loves to view each cultivated field,
 And taste the luscious fruits her orchards yield;
 'The merry singing of her birds to hear,
 While all the leaves upon her trees are dear.
 The brook that murmurs playfully along,
 Far down the verdant landscape, breathes a song
 He loves to hear: the mountain torrent bold
 Whispers strange oracles, before untold.
 He loves the tall, majestic spires that tower
 Above her sacred temples, when the hour
 Of prayer is come, and multitudes ascend
 Into the high and holy court, to bend
 The knee submissively, and offer there
 To Him who deigns to answer humble prayer,
 Their solemn supplications; and the psalm,
 Borne thrilling through the still and deathlike calm
 Of Sabbath eve, sung with united voice
 By pious choristers; while all rejoice
 At strains so heavenly, so full of power
 To soothe the feelings for devotion's hour!

O music! soul of power! The mind gives way,
 And hearts are melted down beneath thy sway!
 Strong on the battle field, thy strain can gird
 The soldier, when the trump of war is heard!
 Strong in the halls of wild and giddy mirth,
 Among the gay, licentious ones of earth!
 All other motives and restraints above,
 Who can resist the tempting lay of love!
 But when, on holy Sabbath day, thy lays
 Are chanted to the great Creator's praise,
 Then angel wings are lent to earth-born man,
 While Music teaches him high Heaven to scan!

Whence this unconquerable love that fills
 The firm, unshrinking patriot's breast? Why thrills
 His swelling heart with such exalted joy;
 And why such noble themes his thoughts employ?
 Are more resplendent skies above his head?
 Are more refreshing dews around him shed?
 And are the meadows clothed with richer green?
 Is there enchantment in the magic scene?
 No! but there are a thousand charms that lie
 Concealed, and hidden from the stranger's eye.
 Which *he* can understand and realize;
 And well he knows how highly he should prize
 Their rare, peculiar beauty! Such delight
 Makes native home superlatively bright,
 And landscapes that, to other eyes, look dim,
 Are fair, and full of interest to him.

Some love to gaze upon a beauteous star
 At midnight, not because its pure beams are

Of brighter lustre, but because a friend,
 With whom the spirit ever loves to blend,
 Was wont to look upon it with delight:
This renders that the brightest star of night.

The old man, on the borders of the grave,
 Ready to plunge beneath the gloomy wave
 Of death, delights to hear the distant horn
 At pensive twilight hour, or golden morn,
 That echoes round the vales in accents low
 As zephyr's breath, yet stirring as the flow
 Of mountain stream; because he hears the lays
 That moved his heart so oft in by-gone days;
 Because it brings to mind the scenes of youth,
 Deeply impressing there the solemn truth,
 That human life is short—at best a span—
 That few and evil are the days of man!

What man or woman does not love to tread
 Amid some silent city of the dead,
 Where friends lie mingling with the kindred clod,
 Their graves now green with Nature's crowning sod!
 O! it is sweet, though sad, to sit beside
 The grave of some beloved one, who died
 Long years ago! Who ever kindly smiled
 On all, and with her tenderness beguiled
 The bitter anguish of the drooping heart,
 Consoled affliction's pang, and sorrow's smart!
 But who would linger round the stranger's tomb?
 And who would sorrow for they know not whom?

The patriot's sky is sometimes o'erspread
 With gloomy clouds, that seem prepared to shed

Their sad, unwelcome treasures o'er the land
 He loves so dearly. Oft the outstretched hand
 Of reckless tyrant threatens to destroy
 The peace that millions, free and blest, enjoy.
 And when the fires of Revolution glow,
 And drunken nations, reeling to and fro,
 Shake to their centre; when the times revolve
 With giddy whirl, and ready to dissolve
 Appear those iron bands that hold the frame
 Of State together, in Ambition's flame;
 Then, how the patriot labors to defend
 His country's cause and glory to the end!
 With what assiduous care he watches those
 Who call themselves her warmest friends, while foes
 In heart and life; who would betray their Lord,
 Like Judas, for the hireling's mean reward.
 For, ever since unhappy, fallen man,
 His sad career of sin on earth began,
 There are not wanting patriots in name,
 In spirit wedded to their country's shame.
 Like him who once, for sensual pleasures, sold
 His birthright, they would give away for gold
 Their native land—their warm affection's throne,
 The dearest treasure man can call his own!

With what resistless eloquence he pleads
 Loud for his suffering country, while she bleeds
 O'er wrongs inflicted by the tyrant's chain,
 While streams of crimson flow from every vein!
 His voice, like thunder, in the council hall,

Predicts her glory, or her shameful fall;
 Glory, if mindful of her ancient fame;
 If false to her first honor, lasting shame!
 Unshaken in his purpose, there he stands,
 The man whom honor ne'er forsook, with hands
 Strong to uphold, prepared to act his part,
 With daring, worthy of a noble heart.

Thus plead the orators of Greece, when foes
 Invaded her without, or factions rose,
 Each with its tyrant leader at its head,
 To mar her inward peace; when mischief, bred
 By wild ambition, shot its deadly fire,
 Lit up by man's inordinate desire
 For power, and this world's honors, through the heart
 Of the Republic, like a poisoned dart.

Who can sufficiently admire the brave
 And noble answer that the Archon* gave,
 Who would not brand his country's spotless fame,
 By vile injustice, with immortal shame!

'Twas thus the patriots of Britain plead,
 Through long and tedious years, for those who bled
 In cheerless slavery, until they saw,
 Upon the basis of eternal law,
 Their country firmly settled; and the slave
 Enjoyed the precious light that Freedom gave.
 'Twas Liberty that crowned the worthy name
 Of mighty WILBERFORCE with endless fame.

And even in later days, when Freedom's light

* ARISTIDES.

Was waxing dim, and men began to slight
 The claims of Liberty; when laws were made
 To stop the mouths of those who humbly prayed
 For helpless fellow-beings, trodden down,
 And smitten dumb, beneath the tyrant's frown;
 A host was found, still ready to defend
 Their own and others' rights; who would not bend,
 Till forced by power superior, to wear
 The heaviest chain Oppression could prepare.
 Dear to the patriot are the names of those
 Who nobly battled with his freedom's foes;
 And O! may Liberty and righteous laws,
 Ne'er want an ADAMS to defend their cause.

Nor in the nation's council hall alone,
 Is courage seen, and love of country shown:
 But in her darkest hour, on battle field,
His arm is nerved with double power to wield
 Th' uplifted sword in her defence, who fights
 For all he values highly; for his rights,
 His cherished home, his family, and friends,
 Besides his country's good, that far transcends
 All other motives. Who can e'er withstand,
 Although a countless host, the little band,
 Who freely undergo the arduous toils
 Of mad and bloody conflict, not for spoils,
 Or wider reign; who would not strike the blow
 For leave to triumph o'er a vanquished foe,
 But for their country's glory, and that peace
 May round their happy firesides never cease.

Weak is the trembling hand, and false the heart
 Of him, who would refuse to act his part,
 When darling Liberty lies bleeding, chained,
 Her holy altar broken down, profaned!
 And vain the boasting freeman's high pretense,
 Who would not risk his all in her defense.

Grand is the spectacle upon the day
 Of some eventful battle, to survey
 Th' opposing hosts, in concentrated power,
 Awaiting silently the combat's hour!
 And when the trumpet thrills with war's alarms,
 And first gives forth the thundering call to arms,
 How the inspiring battle hymn resounds,
 While high the soul of every freeman bounds,
 As onward to the charge they boldly move,
 The justness of their noble cause to prove!

O! who could wish a nobler death to die,
 Than those who fell beneath the sunny sky
 Of far-famed Italy, once proud and free;
 Who watered with their richest blood the tree
 Of Liberty! Who might not envy those
 Who bravely fell, victorious o'er their foes,
 And left behind in death the honored stain
 Of unbought blood, upon the reeking plain
 Of famous Marathon! Who would not bleed,
 As bled the Spartan band? What nobler deed
 Than that, which crowned with everlasting fame,
 And fresh renown, the fearless Switzer's* name?
 And who could wish to fill a nobler grave

* ARNOLD WINKELREID.

Than that where sleep Columbia's fallen brave?

O Liberty! how much we owe to thee!
 The joys of home, peculiar to the free;
 Domestic bliss, that hangs upon thy fate;
 With all the pleasures of the social state!
 Ye happy swains, who now enjoy the prize,
 Whose sun of liberty, through cloudless skies,
 Pours down his potent radiance, will ye let
 That glorious sun in clouds and darkness set?
 Preserve that light, which, like the sacred fire
 By vestal virgins guarded, may expire
 Some hapless moment, but, unlike that flame,
 May never be rekindled! Let the name
 Of Liberty be sacred to the last,
 Nor e'er one cloud that sunny sky o'ercast!

What means yon monumental pile, that stands
 So lonely 'mid the tombs, by human hands
 Set up, and covered o'er with heroes' names,
 Their mighty deeds, their sufferings, and their claims!
 It tells how men delight to honor those
 Who rescued Freedom from her haughty foes!

The victory won at last, the battle o'er,
 And clash of hostile armor heard no more,
 With musing steps the conquering soldier bends
 His silent course towards his home and friends.
 What are his feelings, as he winds along
 The hills, and listens to the wonted song
 Of wild and merry blackbirds, when he sees,
 Appearing in the distance, those old trees—
 Those chestnuts, so familiar to his gaze,

That stood, like ancient monarchs, in the days
 Of sunny boyhood, when he came, and played,
 Gathered their fruits, and reveled in their shade?
 Delightful hopes his busy thoughts employ,
 Sweet foretastes of anticipated joy!

But see! the crowning feature of the scene,
 The first glimpse of his humble cot, between
 The separated hills! It meets his view,
 And swells the fountains of his heart anew.

The sun had sunk behind the Western main;
 The birds had ceased their warbling, and the plain
 Was silent. Evening shades were gathering fast,
 And noiselessly, while nothing but the blast,
 That sometimes shook the rose from Nature's bower,
 Disturbed the silence of the twilight hour.
 He fancied that he saw the loved one's form,
 Her eye lit up with expectation warm,
 Seated upon the bench that stood before
 The little porch that screened the cottagè door,
 Beside where dwelt the sweet-briar's rich perfume,
 And roses flourished in their loveliest bloom.
 He thought he heard the voices, low and sweet,
 Of little ones at play, who soon would greet
 His glad return with happy smiles, and tears
 Of bursting joy; but Fancy filled his ears
 With false, delusive sounds—the voice of rills,
 Playing their evening song among the hills!
 Ah! little dreamed he what a change came o'er
 That valley in his absence! 'Twas no more
 A home of peace! The foe had come, and torn

The wife and children from their home, and borne
In triumph proud their sad, defenseless prey,
Far from the warm embrace of friends away!

She sleeps, the lovely, in her grave of peace,
The green turf o'er her, where the wicked cease
From troubling, and the weary are at rest,
Her little ones reclining on her breast!

Soon he approached and stood beside that cot,
Now tenantless, in deep, absorbing thought;
Upon the window silently he gazed
Where playfully the evening moonlight blazed,
And whispering of Heaven, as it beamed,
Peeped from behind the circling vines, and seemed
Like Laura's smile, upon their parting day;
Yet 'twas *not* like it, for it sent no ray
Of consolation to the soldier's heart!

Alas! it but increased the deadly smart!
Ah! what were now the laurels he had won!
What were the deeds of valor he had done!
All were forgotten, as he stood alone,
And dropped a tear upon the threshold stone!
O hallowed is the spot, and doubly dear,
Where the iron-hearted soldier wastes a tear!

The cheerless wanderer through the world's wide maze,
In all his racking troubles, loves to gaze
Back on the scenes of home! No other spot
Possesses charms so powerful, to blot
From Memory all her melancholy views,
And leave the landscape bright with pleasure's hues!

'The mariner, by fate and fortune crossed,
 Long time upon the restless billows tossed,
 Thinks, as he gazes on the midnight star,
 While keeping watch, of happy scenes afar.
 By night he loves to pace the deck alone,
 And listen to the sea-wave's hollow moan,
 Wrapped up in pleasant dreams of future joy,
 When the sea's perils shall no more annoy;
 When safely landed on his native shore,
 He hopes, ere long, the tedious voyage o'er.
 Again to meet his wife and children dear,
 Ready to welcome him with happy cheer!

Does not the Switzer feel, where'er he goes.
 A lasting love of native home, and those,
 With whom he spent his first and happiest days?
 He does. And where the mountain torrent plays.
 And wild flowers fling their sweets abroad, to stray
 Is ever his delight; and where the ray
 Of morning rests upon the mountain's height,
 In frozen, cheerless beauty, ever bright,
 He makes his dwelling place; because 'tis there
 He is reminded of the evening prayer, (3)
 When pious shepherds, from their lofty seat.
 Pronounce, while rocks and hills below repeat.
 The solemn Hallelujah! and the land,
 On bended knees, obey th' august command!
 His love is ever constant, and it steals
 Its ardor from above; he never feels
 The "shivering coldness of the Alpine stream"

Come o'er his soul, to quench its heavenly beam!

The gloomy Exile, when he seeks the deep
Recesses of his lonely isle, to weep,
Is free as any beast that roams the plain,
Nor man, nor fiend, his conscience can restrain;
And yet he has within some hidden care—
O! who can tell how oft his home is there!

The Hebrew Captives sat beside where swept
The mighty streams of Babylon, and wept!
Sadly upon the willow boughs they hung
Their plaintive harps, forgotten, and unstrung!
But when, to liberty restored, that band
Returned once more to their own native land,
Sweet and exalted was the joy that thrilled
Through every heart, and every bosom filled!
Thus, when the rain in torrents long descends,
The flower beneath th' oppressive burden bends,
Till sunbeams, bright and warm, the drops exhale,—
O then its fragrance loads the passing gale!

Fair are Columbia's cultivated plains,
And blithe and happy are the peaceful swains
That reap her golden harvests. But alas!
How soon the joys of native home may pass
Beyond our reach! 'These lands were once possessed
By noble freemen, in whose savage breast
The love of native home was deep and strong;
Who rather chose to die than suffer wrong!
Courage is vain! When Christian powers invade,
The Indian must quit his forest shade,
And cease to gaze upon th' Atlantic waves,

The Beauteous River, (4) and the honored graves
Of warrior sires. His richest blood must flow,
To make the white man's plant of Freedom grow!
Great wrong! But still more deeply must he feel
The loss of home, than e'en the murderer's steel!

How deep was Logan's grief, who suffered long
Cruel barbarity, and shameful wrong!
Low in his prison cell, all hope denied,
How mournfully brave Osceola died!

Poor, hapless outcasts! Is their certain doom
Immutable? And shall the heavy gloom,
That follows vile oppression's deadly rage,
Forever dim their history's bloody page?
Yes! they may mourn their lot, revenge may burn.
But to their home they never can return!

THE PLEASURES OF HOME

CANTO THIRD

ANALYSIS OF CANTO THIRD

Comparison between Noah's dove and the human mind. The hope of immortality universal. The absurd idea of transmigration. The Elysium of the ancient Greeks and Romans. The Mohammedan Paradise. The Hunting Grounds of the American Indians. The Christian's bright anticipations of a Heavenly Home. The Pleasures of that Home described. Allusion to the Martyrs of Religion. Allusion to Job.

The happiness of a village Pastor described. Home, the seat of Contentment. Aleanor, an Episode. Apostrophe to Home

THE PLEASURES OF HOME.

CANTO THIRD.

THE dove, on man's important errand sent,
With ready wing, forth from the window went,
And onward borne, in patient flight she traced
The cheerless surface of the trackless waste,
And wandering far along the watery plain,
Essayed to find a resting place in vain.
Then, worn with constant vigilance for nought,
And spent with wakefulness, again she sought
The ark, that lay upon the ocean's breast
So hopefully, her weary wing to rest.

Thus mortal man is wont to turn aside,
And tread the paths of vanity and pride,
Among the false and flattering toys of earth,
Seeking for bliss, that gift of heavenly birth,
And hoping still the golden prize to win
Ere long, till some kind monitor within
Reminds the soul of joys that never cease;
Of Immortality, and endless peace!

Who does not hope to live beyond the tomb?
Who would not flourish in immortal bloom,
In the bright sunshine of eternal day,
When time and earthly things have passed away?

In every land on earth, throughout all time,
 From distant East to farthest Western clime,
 Men, with united mind, agree to brave
 The monster Death, and live beyond the grave!
 The soul shrinks back, and shudders at the thought,
 That cold annihilation e'er can blot
 Her hopes—her fondest day-dreams from the page
 Of Immortality; that e'er the rage
 Of Time's hot fires can check the onward course
 Of that bright essence, of Empyrean source!

What finite being ever sat, and drank
 From the pure stream of knowledge, till he sank
 Exhausted down, and fully satisfied,
 Upon its green and flowery bank, and cried,
 "It is enough!" Oh! never can the soul,
 Till fully sated, drain the sweetened bowl
 Of knowledge, or of joy! Her march is still
 Onward and upward, on the rugged hill
 Of Science! Go, and give the ocean bands!
 Go, make the river flow 'mid desert sands!
 Then bid the immortal spirit, "Here abide!
 Here end thy course, and here be satisfied!"

The insect, wanton creature of a day,
 A moment lies, and swallows up the ray
 That gave it birth; and very soon we find
 A being, full and perfect in its kind!
 Its end fulfilled, it gaily mounts aloft,
 On wings of varied hue, that beat the soft
 And yielding air with gentle stroke, and flies
 Life's short and rapid current down—then dies!

But long e'er Man has reached perfection's height,
 Death's poisoned arrow, in its speedy flight,
 Arrests his course; his body turns to clay;
 His spirit wings her everlasting way!

Why is the soul so anxious to survive?
 Why does she wish to flourish, grow, and thrive,
 Throughout eternal ages? Does she hope
 For joy? Or would she be content to grope
 Her way through darkness, fear, and pain along,
 Far down, amid the black, infernal throng?
 No! Though, by common suffrage, *some* are doomed
 To live in misery's awful gulph entombed,
 Each for himself, inclined to hope the best,
 Can read a "title clear" among the blest!

The wild Pythagorean hopes to find
 The future home of his immortal mind,
 A transient residence, within the frame
 Of some loved animal, of meaner name.
 The lion bold, or eagle, soaring free,
 The grazing ox, or monster of the sea,
 He imitates, their favor to secure,
 As if he thus could make his heaven sure!
 Weak man! how vain thy speculations all,
 Designed to prop the soul that cannot fall!

A more refined and philosophic race,
 The polished Greek and Roman, choose their place
 Of future residence in sylvan bowers,
 Perfumed with odors of the sweetest flowers;
 In shady groves, where rich, spice-bearing trees,
 With balmy fragrance load the passing breeze;

Where constantly ambrosial dews descend,
And strains of bold and soothing music blend!

How charming were the pleasures, that, of yore,
The false Arabian Prophet held before (5)
His sensual followers! On beds of ease
They saw themselves reclined beneath the trees
Of paradise, whose burdened boughs were bent
With fruits, in never failing plenty sent!
They saw the fairest forms that dwell above,
Dancing amid the rosary of love,
And beauteous Houris, deigning to impart
Angelic smiles to captivate the heart!

The Indian, who roams the Western wild,
Nature's neglected and unlettered child,
Expects to tread the Mississippi vale,
Clothed with perpetual vigor, swift and hale;
To skim the level prairie at a bound,
Forever joyful in his hunting ground!

But O! how bright the Christian's hope, who heeds
The Book of Revelation, where he reads
That tender, true, and melting tale of love,
Which only could proceed from God above!

There is a home, unseen by mortal eye,
That lies above the fair, ethereal sky;
Beyond yon white and fleecy clouds, that sail,
Borne gently onward by the passing gale,
So beautiful in ether's purest blue!
There, pleasures are unmixed; there, friends are true;
All freely speak the meaning of their hearts,

Nor dare to use the false and guileful arts
 Of baneful flattery; all love to share
 Their rich enjoyments mutually; for there,
 Companions dwell, whose breasts are full of love;
 Nor treason's breath infects the air above!

That home is full of bliss, and ever bright
 With God's eternal presence, while the light
 That issues kindly from his beaming face,
 Throughout all ages, charms the sacred place!
 It is the glow his peaceful smiles impart,
 That lights the fire of joy in every heart;
 That warms the spirit with devotion's flame,
 And makes the happy throng adore the name
 Of their Almighty Author: only this
 Could fill the heavenly world with perfect bliss!

There, loving friends, long separated, meet,
 And sit down calmly at their Maker's feet,
 Happy at last. The fettered captive feels
 His limbs released from bondage, while he steals
 A draught from Freedom's fount, and feasts his eyes
 Upon the glowing scenes of paradise!
 Man gazes with suspicious eye no more
 On him who was his enemy before;
 But greets him with a welcome smile, that shows
 What holy fire within his bosom glows!

The brother meets a cherished sister there,
 Whose absence filled their earthly home with care,
 And bitter anguish many a year before:
 How sweet the thought, they meet to part no more!
 And—what unbounded joy!—all meet the **FRIEND**,

The loved Redeemer, who could condescend,
 Though God of heaven, to work Salvation's plan,
 And taste the miseries of mortal man!
 The harps of angels breathe their solemn strains
 Of holy minstrelsy, to charm the plains
 Of happy Salem; and the saints employ
 Their notes responsive to the sounding joy!
 In melting lays they celebrate His love,
 Who first for fallen man prepared above,
 A home of happiness. They chant that deed
 So noble, when a God came down to bleed
 On blood-stained Calvary, willing to expire,
 To turn away Jehovah's dreadful ire!

This is the home for which the Martyrs sighed,
 Who freely yielded to the scourge, and dyed
 Their garments red in blood; or, 'mid the rocks
 Of their own highlands, sheltered from the shocks
 Of persecution, sang their lay of trust
 In Him, who levels kingdoms with the dust!

How long the patient man of old endured
 The fiercest trials of the world, assured
 Of happiness! convinced, that when the clod
 Should cover him, he should behold his God! (6)

How happy is the man who spends his life,
 Free from the busy world's annoying strife,
 In pointing out the ways of truth and love,
 And leading men to happiness above!
 He was a hoary headed man, and grave,
 Though sweet and cheerful in his way, who gave
 His holy lessons, when we met to pray

In God's own house, upon the Sabbath day.

That church! O how delightfully it stands
Upon yon hill! The springing flower expands
In freedom on that little grassy plain,
While sweet birds echo back each solemn strain!
Each grove around that hallowed spot, how fair!
How richly the wild apple scents the air!

Often that aged man would point the road
That upward leads to Mercy's bright abode;
And oft he told us, how the sting of death
Was lost, when the Redeemer's laboring breath
Declared, "'Tis finished!" and the rocks were rent
In pieces, when the God of sinners went
Triumphantly to heaven, to prepare
A mansion for his chosen people there!
Many there are who listened to his voice
Long since, who now in brighter scenes rejoice;
And many more, whose trials soon shall cease,
When they shall follow to their home of peace!

How pleasing is the thought, that when the world
Is dreary, and the shafts of malice, hurled
By hostile hands, are round us thickly sent,
We find at home inviolate Content!

'Twas morn, nor ever dawned a fairer morn,
Nor ever did a brighter sun adorn
The mountains! Not a cloud obscured the day.
Nor mist arose to dim the sparkling ray!
Alcanor was about to take his leave,
And stood before his parents to receive
Their parting blessing. He had listened oft

To tales of other climes, where smooth and soft
 Was the enchanted pathway to renown,
 To palms of victory, and honor's crown.
 And now he was about to bid farewell
 To the old cottage, and his native dell;
 About to leave behind those sparkling eyes,
 Whose looks of love he yet must learn to prize!

The father bade him act a generous part,
 And ne'er betray a weak, unmanly heart:
 The mother clasped him to her breast, and wept,
 To think how oft in infancy he slept
 Upon her bosom, smiling sweetly there,
 Remembered in a mother's silent prayer!
 Alonzo bade him spurn all needless fear,
 While fair Elmina dropped a silent tear!

Alcanor longed to win a conqueror's fame,
 And twine unfading laurels round his name;
 By valiant deeds and bold exploits, to plead
 His well-earned claim to **Glory's** generous meed.

Often, as round the dreamy world of thought
 He strayed, he met the enemy, and fought
 With matchless courage, while his sharp sword drank
 The blood of many mighty men, who sank
 Like a huge snow bank in the summer sun!
 The world admired the wonders he had done!
 He almost felt the blooming laurels spring
 Upon his warrior temples! Such a thing
 Imagination is, to make a man
 Strong to perform what deeds no other can!

Afar in Southern climes he spent his days

In listless idleness, or foolish ways,
 With nothing good his young thoughts to employ,
 Bereft of every friend, and every joy.
 But soon he listened to the voice of fools,
 And soon, alas! forgot the pious rules
 He learned at home, till, by degrees, he strayed
 From Virtue's path, by vile companions swayed.

Ah, miserable youth! How sad thy lot!
 Possessor of that joy that changeth not,
 A mother's love, through every scene the same;
 A sister's warm affection, holy flame;
 Would that ambition had not made thee roam,
 Far from thy quiet, safe retreat at home!

The pensive maid directs her eye above,
 And fixes it upon the Star of Love;
 Fancies she greets a long-lost lover's glance,
 In each bright beam that cleaves the wide expanse,
 And follows him in all his wanderings there,
 O'er trackless fields, till lost in upper air!
 How lonely must she feel, as thus she soars
 Around Eternity's delightful shores!

Thus felt Elmina, when she thought upon
 That brother, ruined, and forever gone:
 Thus felt Alcanor, when the pleasures lost
 With home fell soft upon his spirit, tossed
 Upon life's troubled sea, like the pure smile
 Of evening sun, on Ocean's lonely isle!
 When, after spending five long wretched years
 In dissipation—poverty and tears
 Were all on earth he dared to call his own,

No wonder that he felt bereft—alone!

As thus, in misery's lowest depth he lay,
 Hope smiled upon him with her genial ray:
 "I will arise," he cried, "and seek once more
 My native wilds, upon the rocky shore
 Of the rough stream, whose free and bounding wave
 Shall teach me sin's most deadly shaft to brave:
 Perhaps I yet may be a mother's care,
 Perhaps a sister's tenderness may share!"

Long days and weary nights Alcanor spent,
 A mendicant unpitied, while he bent
 His sad steps homeward; and as near he drew,
 The scenes of happy boyhood met his view!

Darkness was coming on; the world was still.
 When pensively he wandered up the hill,
 Until his eye beheld the moon-lit dome,
 That overhung his once delightful home!
 Then struggling feelings, both of joy and shame.
 Ascendency within his bosom claim!

But hark! what sweet and heavenly sounds are these.
 That float along upon the idle breeze?
 Is it the love-lay of the reveling throng?
 Is it the wakeful night-bird's tender song?
 No! but it is the evening offering,
 That pious families delight to bring,
 While from their holy altar praise ascends,
 And sweetly with the songs of heaven blends!

Alcanor halted where the fountain played
 Its merry tune, beneath the locust shade,
 Whose waters, gliding down the grassy lawn.

Played with the moonlight, as they travelled on.
 There, on a bank, where early violets bloomed,
 While peach and fragrant plum the air perfumed,
 He sat, the warm tears trickling down like rain,
 Regaled by *Windham's* melancholy strain.

In deep base-notes he heard the aged sire
 Breathe forth devotion's pure and hallowed fire:
 The mother's voice to heaven seemed to mount
 In treble-tones, like the low, warbling fount.
 O how his soul was melted down, to hear
 Elmina's sweet soprano, soft and clear!
 While, solemn as the tempest's moan,
 Far distant was Alonzo's barytone!

And is the soul by *this* so deeply fired?
 Is she by *earthly* music so inspired?
 What will it be, when on the listening ears
 First breaks the music of the "chiming spheres!"

The last note echoed in the distant wood,
 He came, and close before the window stood;
 A hopeful penitent was weeping there,
 And listening to the voice of humble prayer!
 They prayed for him—that Heaven would restore
 His feet to the same path he trod before,
 And lead him gently, by the still, small voice,
 To penitence, that angels might rejoice!

The prayer was ended, and the child of sin
 And sorrow sought the door, and entered in:
 "Father—O mother dear!—forgive!" he cried,
 "The follies of a wretched son, who died,
 But is alive again; who wandered round,

Lost in deceitful ways, but now is found!"

Then father, mother, sister, brothers, all
Once more upon their knees devoutly fall,
And thank that God, who lead, with watchful care,
The wanderer back, in answer to their prayer!
Who would pretend to measure the delight
That family enjoyed that happy night!
How bright the flame of holy rapture burned,
While thus they hailed the prodigal returned!

Sweet Home! man's richest portion here below!
How pure the bliss the fireside can bestow!
How dignified the joys of native land!
How blithe and happy is the social band!
But all must fade and change, beneath the sky:
Even man, God's noblest work, was "born to die!"
When fail at last thy faintly glimmering fires;
When, death-struck, thy last fading light expires;
Who would not cease 'mid restless things to roam,
And joyful hail the soul's Eternal home!

NOTES TO THE PLEASURES OF HOME

NOTES TO THE PLEASURES OF HOME

Note 1, Page 16.

'Twas a Hermit's hand
That swept through Europe, bore a lighted brand;
Against the Infidel's oppression hurled
His thunderbolts, and roused the Christian world!

“The Hermit's fervid eloquence was not poured forth in vain. The heart of Europe beat tumultuously with a sympathetic enthusiasm, and the loud and unanimous call of the nations was, ‘To Arms!’”—*Knickerbocker Mag.* Vol. 15, No. 1. Art. *Chivalry and the Crusades.*

Note 2, Page 16.

Mocks at the lightning, and defies the storm!

I have lately read, in some periodical, an Essay on the Character of Lord Byron, containing a passage which suggested this picture; but I don't recollect either the name or language of the writer.

Note 3, Page 35.

Because 'tis there
He is reminded of the evening prayer, &c.

“When the sun has quitted the valley, and his lingering beams still cast a glow of fading light on the summits of the mountains, the shepherd, whose hut is placed on the highest Alps, grasps his horn, and pronounces, through his speaking trumpet, the solemn injunction to the world below,—‘Praise ye the Lord!’ Every shepherd in the neighborhood, who catches this sound in succession, repeats the same sentence at the door of his cabin. Thus,

perhaps, for a quarter of an hour, the cliffs and rocky precipices fling to each other oft-repeated echoes of the sublime, 'Praise ye the Lord!' A solemn stillness succeeds the last reverberation; and all kneel bare-headed, and in silent devotion, till darkness rests upon the earth, and veils the towering mountains. Again the horn resounds, and the peaceful, social 'good night!' once more awakens the echoes. Hills, vales, and rocky cliffs, and all, sink to rest."—*Oriental Key to the Scriptures*.

Note 4, Page 37.

THE BEAUTEOUS RIVER!—This was the name given to the Delaware, by the Indians.

Note 5, Page 44.

How charming were the pleasures that, of yore,
The false Arabian Prophet held before
His sensual followers!

"The celestial joys of Mohammed were addressed chiefly to the indulgence of luxury and appetite. Rivers of water, trees of gold, tents of rubies and emeralds, beds of musk, garments of the richest brocades, crowns set with pearls of matchless lustre, silken carpets, couches and pillows of delicate embroidery, are among the rare treasures provided for the gratification of the external senses."—See *Crichton's History of Arabia*, vol. 1, pp. 287, '88.

Note 6, Page 46.

Convinced, that when the clod
Should cover him, he should behold his God!

"And though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."—*Job*, chap. 19, v. 26.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO MY HARP.

I.

AWAKE, my Harp, and let thy strains

Float softly on the breeze,

That plays along those sunny plains,

And whispers oft the voice of swains.

And humming of the bees:

O break the solitude, that reigns

Among the forest trees!

While yet the pensive muse remains.

Nor from her wild home flees:

While yet one tuneful chord retains

Its power, this woodland silence break!

My gentle Harp, awake!

II.

My Harp, I ask thee not to spread,

Since weak thy strains must flow.

The honors of the mighty dead.

Whose names such hallowed influence shed;

Nor sing, in tones of wo,

Of troublous times, when heroes bled.

Or chased the vanquished foe;

Who now upon their honored bed
 Of kindred dust lie low:
 'Tis thine to tell the joys that tread
 In Nature's steps—how zephyr's shake
 The flowers. My Harp, awake!

III.

My Harp, 'twas in life's early morn
 I met thee. All was gay:
 'Twas summer. 'Mid the growing corn
 I strayed, and heard the sounding horn
 Of hunters far away.
 I found thee, silent and forlorn;
 I touched thy strings in play;
 'Twas a wild sound, yet sister born
 To Nature's own deep lay.
 I gave thee flowers: the same adorn
 Thy strings that first thy silence brake:
 My long-loved Harp, awake!

IV.

My Harp, though humble are thy lays.
 And those to sadness prone:
 Though few would dare to speak thy praise,
 Yet some have loved, in by-gone days,
 To listen to thy tone.
 Though sentimental sadness strays
 Amid thy numbers lone;
 Though pensiveness so often plays
 Along thy midnight moan:
 Though sorrow quench thy fire's bright blaze,

Yet sorrow ne'er shall mar, nor break
Thy chords. Sweet Harp, awake!

v.

Sweet Harp, I leave my cares behind,
Which thou hast lulled to rest:
While peace, and thy loved strains combined.
Are mine, though all of human kind
Forsake me, I am blest.
Thy lays may, to a polished mind,
Seem awkwardly expressed:
O may they still an echo find
In every kindred breast!
Sweet solace of my joys, reclined
On thee, my resting place I make.
My own soft Harp, awake!

THE FOUNTAIN OF AFFECTION.

"A refuge from distrust,
A stream of purer life, still freshly swelling,
To clothe the barrenness of earthly dust
With flowers divine!"—MRS. HEMANS.

I.

O sacred fount, how rich the flowers,
That God hath planted round thy spring!
How sweet the odor of the flowers,
That thy fair watered gardens bring!
Daisies and violets bloom. The rose,
Emblem of faded sweetness, there,
In all its native beauty blows,
And sheds its fragrance on the air!
Thy wide, extended valley yields
The pleasure of Elysian fields.

II.

'Twas in those bowers that first I met
The fair Florinda, gay and young;
Just as the golden sun had set,
And groves with woodland music rung.
I heard her sing her own wild strains.
That brought such breathing thoughts along,
As spring but from a heart, where reigns
Affection deep, and pure, and strong:
And, as she breathed her numbers lone.
My heart re-echoed every tone.

III.

With her I spent my life's sweet morn;
 With her I rambled o'er the hills.
 I gathered wild flowers, to adorn
 Her garland, by the sparkling rills.
 She, my superior in age,
 With anxious care watched o'er my youth;
 Wrote on my heart's unblotted page,
 The first fair rudiments of truth.
 Are those first lessons all erased?
 Those first impressions all defaced?

IV.

'Twas night. The pale moon from the sky
 Her soft and silvery glances hurled,
 And looked with tender, pitying eye,
 Down on a dark, benighted world.
 We sat within our rustic bower,
 Where played the soft wind's gentle blast.
 There we beguiled the passing hour,
 With songs and stories of the past.
 O sweet the memory of the hours
 We've spent among the tender flowers!

V.

One eve, in harvest time, we strolled
 Far from the gay and festive throng.
 By a clear rivulet, that rolled,
 Near her wild home, its tide along.
 She spake to me of parting hours;
 I trembled, yet I knew not why.

She pointed to some fresh mown flowers,
 And said, "Observe how soon they die!"
 She also spake about the tomb:
 My young heart felt unusual gloom!

VI.

I saw her stretched upon a bed
 Of sickness—'twas a bed of death!
 She rolled and tossed her aching head
 From side to side, and gasped for breath.
 Many and bitter were the tears
 'That fond affection bade to flow,
 While I beheld the flight of years,
 And vanity of all below!
 'Twas strange that e'er the desert air
 Could nip a flower so fresh and fair!

VII.

She saw her end approaching near,
 Yet ere her eyes were closed in death.
 In speaking thus to calm my fear,
 She spent the remnant of her breath:
 "O! trust in nought beneath the sun,
 But while the privilege is given,
 Believe in God, as I have done,
 And lay thy treasure up in heaven!"
 I heard the charge, believed it true,
 Yet what she meant, I scarcely knew.

VIII.

Oft as I wander by her tomb,
 I meet her lonely sister there;

She scatters, with a heart of gloom,
 Pale wild flowers, with a sister's care.
 She kneels, and gazes on the spot
 Where she, the loved, the virtuous sleeps.
 Deep is the flow of tender thought;
 Her tears stream fast, and as she weeps,
 Her soft glance seems to ask me, why
 No bitter tear o'erflows *my* eye?

IX.

Florinda, from thy rest look down,
 And pardon me, if I forbear
 Now, when my sorrows darkest frown,
 Upon thy grave to shed a tear!
 The sacred treasures of that stream
 To the cold turf I cannot trust:
 It would not rouse thee from thy dream,
 Nor wake to life thy sleeping dust:
 Why should a fountain burst its bands,
 To lose itself in arid sands?

X.

No! I had rather calmly wait
 The time, when God's own firm decree
 Shall fix in their eternal state
 Our kindred souls, unchained, and free.
 Then, O! how sweet 'twill be to pour
 Upon thy spiritual breast
 Affection's rich, o'erflowing shower,
 From spiritual eyes expressed;
 And know that neither days nor years
 Can e'er exhaust Affection's tears!

M E M O R Y

I.

I hear a sound! 'tis like the voice of streams,
 That whispers to our hearts, where'er we roam,
 A sweet, though faint remembrance; and it seems
 To bear my spirit back to its loved home;
 And music too of sweetest sound, which swells
 On memory's pensive harp-strings, soft and clear,
 And falls, like the low chime of evening bells,
 Laden with sadness, on the listening ear:
 O strain of sweetest melody! to me, how dear!

II.

The morning breeze that wakes the rural song,
 And from the flower shakes the pearly dew,
 Bears on its wide, extended wings along
 That soft, pathetic strain, forever new.
 Enraptured, on the stirring sound I dwell,
 And deeply feel, yet cannot speak its worth;
 Enjoy its moving power, yet cannot tell
 Why such sweet lays are not of heavenly birth,
 Or how such tones as these can sound from harps of earth.

III.

How strange, that Nature in the heart so deep
 Hath fixed the seat of feeling, that the wave
 Of sorrow long may o'er its ruins sweep,
 Nor soil the impress that Affection gave!

O! 'tis a happy privilege to taste
 The streams of that pure fount, whose swelling tide,
 O'erflowing deep the heart's wild, arid waste,
 Pours fresh luxuriance on every side;
 A joy so rarely felt, we weened the source was dried.

IV.

How dear to me the calm and silent hour,
 When thus, by heaven favored, I can gaze
 Back on the fading past, and feel that power,
 By memory snatched from scenes of other days!
 Deeply I feel the spirit-wakenings
 That those bright visions of the past afford,
 And seem at once borne back on Fancy's wings,
 And to th' embrace of former joys restored,
 Rich music playing on my heart's long-silent chord.

V.

'Tis no romantic vision—no vain thought,
 From haunts of wild imagination sprung,
 That thus upon my pensive mind hath wrought,
 And every nerve with tender vigor strung;
 As huge and spectral forms, at Fancy's call,
 May from some antiquated ruin rise,
 Or moving shades in some deserted hall,
 May fill th' amazed beholder with surprise,
 Then, like the grey mist, vanish from before his eyes!

VI.

But 'tis the opening of a brighter scene
 Than Fancy's art can paint; and sounds more strong,
 More clear, and deep, salute the ear, than e'en

The fabled melody of Syren's song:
 It brings a pleasure to the troubled heart,
 And bids the weary pilgrim cease to roam:
 As soft a balm its hallowed lays impart,
 As breezes that from Southern gardens come,
 And every strain harmonious seems a voice from home.

VII.

It sings the song of those far distant hills,
 Where, in the morn of life, I loved to stray:
 O, who can tell th' impassioned joy that fills
 My bosom, as I listen to that lay!
 A lay of rapture, which so oft I've sung,
 When in the blest society of friends,
 With whose sweet voices the wild valleys rung.
 O'er that bright scene my gladdened spirit bends,
 While mantling joy, with tender grief, how sweetly! blends.

VIII.

It whispers of the many golden hours,
 Long passed, when I have gazed on Nature's book,
 When wandering free among her own fair bowers,
 Along the margin of the cooling brook:
 And those clear, starry skies, from whence there beamed
 The mildest beauties of the Queen of night,
 Who gazed upon the radiant smile, that seemed
 To play, with inexpressible delight,
 On every earthly scene beneath her genial light.

IX.

How often I have stood, as in a dream,
 And gazed upon her fair, resplendent orb,
 Whose image quivered in the ruffled stream,

That danced, and seemed as if it would absorb
 The distant planet's beauty. I have thought,
 When I have seen her crescent fair expand,
 That beams so beautiful as these were not
 Than Heaven's brightest, purest rays less grand,
 Or concentrated glories of the spirit land.

X.

Ah, cheerless Memory!* I hail thee not
 As once I hailed thee: I indulge no more
 The cooling, pleasant draught, that thou hast brought
 To my parched, thirsty soul, in days of yore!
 I feel no pleasure when the day returns,
 No kindling rapture, when its beams depart;
 For changeless is the wasting fire that burns
 Within my breast, with ever torturing smart!
 Alas, my joys are fled, and broken is my heart!

* Composed in a fit of melancholy

D E A T H .

*"Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas.
Regumque turres."*—HORACE.

I.

The rich man died. His pale and prostrate frame
In the cold, silent sepulchre was laid.
He sleeps; but his high monument proclaims
To each beholder, "Life is but a shade!"
He sees no more the poor despised afar,
Nor friends, when o'er his sleeping dust they stand:
How strong, O Death, thy iron fetters are!
No mortal man can burst thy icy band,
Nor e'er escape the grasp of thy cold, shivering hand!

II.

Strange, that the modest little flowers, that grow
In the wild woods, and flourish in their prime,
All know the season when to spring, and blow,
Wither, and die at their appointed time!
But we, poor mortals, hasting to our end,
Decay at every season, every hour;
Our proud heads droop; we to our graves descend,
While yet, with many a cool, refreshing shower,
God, in his bounty, stoops to cheer the tender flower!

III.

Yet I have seen a tender plant, that blushed
Beside where streams of limpid waters flow,
Beneath a sky serene, untimely crushed

By the rough tread of the wild mountain roe:
 Even thus, frail man, the creature of a day,
 Often, when all around looked fair, has fled!
 When every earthly pleasure courts his stay,
 And Nature brightest smiles, he hangs his head,
 And falls, O Death, beneath thy cold, unfeeling tread!

IV.

It is a melancholy thing, to hear
 The cold clods rattling on the coffin lid,
 While sadly falls the bitter, streaming tear
 Upon the spot where once-loved clay lies hid:
 And know, that but a few short, worthless years,
 In time's long catalogue, shall pass away,
 Ere those, the living now, who shed those tears.
 Shall also mingle with their kindred clay,
 And sleep until the morning of the judgment day!

V.

Yet shrink not, O my soul! Although 'tis pain
 To see a fellow-creature's corse laid low in dust,
 Yet lift thine eye to yonder starry plain,
 And read, amidst those gems, thy fadeless trust!
 Dry up thy tears! Though man is born to die,
 And life is but a span, yet flowers perfume
 Our pathway to the grave. The smiling eye
 Of our blest Savior has dispersed the gloom;
 The mighty God has burst the portals of the tomb!

DEPARTED DAYS.

I love to think on moments past,
 And seasons gone that once were fair:
 Their song is on the wintry blast,
 And on the summer air.

The memory of distant times
 Falls, with a sweet and melting power,
 Upon us, like the bell's low chimes
 At twilight's pensive hour.

There is a calm and holy spell,
 That comes the musing spirit o'er,
 Oft as the depths of feeling swell
 Back to the days of yore.

How sweet the voices of the dead,
 Whom once we loved, salute the ear!
 How sweet, o'er follies past to shed
 The "penitential tear!"

Our present joys! how swift they fleet!
 As o'er the stream the sunbeam plays:
 There is no pleasure half so sweet
 As that of other days!

THE WARRIOR'S TOMB.

"Where'er by some forsaken grave
 Some nameless greensward heap,
 A bird may sing, a wild flower wave,
 A star its vigils keep."—MRS. HEMANS.

I.

It was the dark and midnight hour, when o'er
 The glowing surface of the rippled wave,
 A faithful band by moonlight bore
 Their chieftain to his grave.

II.

That morn, he stood upon the battle field,
 Proud son of hope! the boldest of his train:
 His spirit knew not how to yield,
 Or wear oppression's chain.

III.

There came an arrow from a hostile bow,
 Swift as the wind, and quivered in his breast:
 Then, Nature's harp-strings sounded low:
 Laconda sunk to rest.

IV.

The spirit of the Indian rose, unchained,
 While forth the life-blood gushed, to meet his God:
 A nobler river never stained
 Old Marathon's green sod!

V.

They laid his body in a bark canoe,
 And swiftly rowed across the ruffled stream:

Soft on his couch, as o'er he flew,
Fell the moon's silvery beam.

VI.

They hastened to a lonely forest, where
Majestic mountains rose, in solemn gloom,
With dark, deep vales between, and there
Prepared the *Warrior's tomb*.

VII.

Then sadly in his winding-sheet they rolled
His tall form,—in a blood-stained bison's hide.
The same in which his comrades bold
Had wrapped him, when he died.

VIII.

They laid him, where the voice of mountain streams
Pours forth, in loud, though sweet, harmonious sounds:
They left him, wrapped in golden dreams
Of distant hunting grounds.

IX.

Yea, mournfully their parting eyes they raised.
And stood, in silent, reverential thought,
Before his tomb, as if they gazed
Upon some hallowed spot.

X.

Then, as the meek-eyed moon, with lustre pale,
Shone on the aged pine-tree's barkless stem.
The owl began his nightly wail.
And sang his requiem.

SABBATH SONNETS.

I.

'Tis Sabbath morn. The stars are peeping o'er
 The Eastern hills; the air is calm; the sky
 Is clear, without a cloud; the wind's low sigh
 Has died away, along the river's shore!
 There's not a breath of wind to agitate
 The glassy stream, that, with its whispering song,
 Moves in its silent majesty along!
 Now heaven and earth reposes. Happy state!
All are *not* silent; for the birds awake,
 And early fill with tender lays of love,
 To God omnipotent, the shady grove.
 Rich harmony their strains unlettered make,
 While speaking smiles the hills and vales adorn!
 Oh, still and lovely is the Sabbath morn!

II.

'Tis Sabbath eve. The glorious sun has set,
 Arrayed in cloudless beauty, in the West.
 O what a godlike influence wins the breast,
 Where innocence reigns spotless, to forget
 The pains of human life! The vesper hymn
 Comes stealing over from yon rustic bower,
 And clothes the spirit with resistless power!
 The hills, amid the gathering shades, look dim;

The happy birds have ceased their caroling;
The flowers begin to shed the tears of night,
And stars to burnish, with their twinkling light,
The upper world. How still is every thing,
While day, with all its charms, is taking leave!
Oh, what so lovely as the Sabbath eve!

THE DEATH OF SAPPHO.

I.

All hushed and still arose that fatal morn,
 Upon Leucates' top: no sound was heard,
 But the shrill warbling of the mountain bird,
 Or the low winding of the hunter's horn,
 Who in the distant vale the chase pursued.
 The lonely prey of mingled grief and ire,
 Upon that towering cliff desponding stood.
 'Twas she, the mistress of the Grecian lyre;
 Despair had kindled in her breast its hottest fire.

II.

She gazed around her. "What is life," she said,
 "To one, whose heart is broken,—whose sad doom
 Is fixed immutably—who, for a tomb,
 Upon the wave-worn rock must lay her head!
 Sad is my lot! My soul with passion glows!
 O might I die, as die the honored brave!
 But I have deeply drained my cup of woes!
 I long to cool my flame in yonder wave,
 And, by one fatal plunge, secure a watery grave!"

III.

She stood majestic on the airy cliff,
 And gazed into the dark, blue sea below,
 Where, stretched upon his coral bed full low,
 Lay many a wasted lover, cold and stiff.

Calmly awoke the morning breeze, and fanned
 Her spectral form, and tossed her flowing hair:
 The songster of the wood, in accents bland,
 Began his lay, as if to mock her care:
 The strain went to her heart, but found no echo there.

IV.

She thought that dreadful hour of friends and home,
 Whom she had left afar, in Lesbos isle,
 And of the Mytelenian youth, whose smile
 Had lured her from her sunny bowers to roam!
 She shed no bitter tear—ah! why not weep?
 Was there no vent for sorrow's swelling tide?
 Was every tender feeling lulled to sleep?
 Tears were not her's; for fate her spirit tried,
 And tears, the sad heart's sole relief, were then denied.

V.

As thus she stood upon th' eternal verge,
 Gazed she no farther than the silent tomb?
 Did she not strive to spy, amid its gloom,
 What lay beneath Time's overpowering surge?
 She did. A being cannot leave the world,
 And not inquire, "How shall the future stand?"
 She paused—but Reason from her throne was hurled;
 The swelling surge her spirit vainly scanned,
 Like a tossed ship without a helm when far from land.

VI.

She fell a sacrifice,—O tragic isle,—
 Upon thy coast. Her incense offered there,
 Was passion—thy white rocks her altar were;

The ocean's vast profound, her funeral pile.
Ere yet she cleared the rough and craggy steep;
Ere yet were hushed the strains of her soft lyre,
Day's King had thrown his mantle o'er the deep;
The morning sun arose on wings of fire,
Shone soft upon the emblazoned sea, and lit her pyre!

•

OFT, WHEN THE GATHERING CLOUDS OF SORROW

I.

Oft, when the gathering clouds of sorrow
 Hang, like the vapors of the tomb,
 Over the dim, uncertain morrow,
 Filling the anxious mind with gloom,
 Fondly I turn, with warm devotion,
 Back to the joyous days of youth;
 Days when the heart's sincere emotion
 Whispered a tale of inward truth!

II.

Oft, when the heart is inly smarting,
 When its delights are borne away,
 Hope, from the weary soul departing,
 Leaves her without one cheering ray:
 Sweet to behold the shades affrighted
 Fleeing before the orient beam!
 Friendship, and Truth, and Love united,
 Pouring abroad their golden stream!

WHAT MEANETH THIS 'SADNESS'

I.

What meaneth this sadness
 That preys on my heart!
 And why is the tear-drop
 So ready to start!
 For the Spring will return
 With her gladdening voice,
 And the fields, in the light
 Of her smile, shall rejoice!

II.

The woods and the meadows
 Shall flourish again,
 And violets and daisies
 Shall cover the plain;
 The night-bird shall warble
 Of love's tender theme;
 And the moon in her glory
 Shall dance in the stream!

III.

But where is the loved one,
 With whom I have gazed
 On the wave, when the moon
 In her majesty blazed?
 She has fled from my sight,
 As a vision would flee!
 Ah! Spring, thou art welcome
 No longer, to me!

THE TEAR DROP.

"An angel, wandering from her sphere,
 Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
 To dew-eyed Pity brought the tear,
 And hung it on her diadem."—MOORE.

I.

Sweet Angelina, often I
 Have seen the tear-drop start
 Down from thy spiritual eye,
 When joy was in thy heart.
 But oh! if that bright tear can speak,
 Thy spirit is not glad;
 Those glittering drops upon thy cheek,
 Proclaim thee sad.

II.

How oft, at such a time as this,
 We've told our hopes and fears,
 And smiles of joy, and looks of bliss,
 Have mingled with thy tears!
 But now, a veil has overspread
 The brightness of thy days,
 And smiles of joy no longer shed
 Their lively rays.

III.

Why tremblest thou, when I would hush
 Thy grief, and calm thy fears?

Or why in pensive silence blush;
 While faster flow thy tears?
 Is there a chord within thy breast
 So sensitive and weak,
 Which they, who would disturb its rest,
 Must almost break?

IV.

Wilt thou that I should bring sweet flowers,
 Thy garland to adorn,
 Which we have gathered in the bowers,
 So oft at rising morn;
 Or which along the sparkling rills
 We've plucked, so fresh and gay,
 While softly faded on the hills
 The golden day!

V.

This morn I joined the rural chase
 After the mountain deer;
 I saw our long-loved meeting place,
 Beside that fountain clear.
 I passed that little shaded mound,
 Where pinks and laurels bloom,
 And wild-flowers scent the air around
 Thy mother's tomb.

VI.

I saw the stately chestnut trees,
 Where thrushes build their nests;
 I heard the humming of the bees
 Among their blossomed crests.

Sweet Angelina, may I dare
 To brush that tear away?
 O no! its rest is hallowed there,—
 There let it stay!

VII.

Ah! well I understand that tear:
 Thy secret it reveals!
 It tells th' alternate hope and fear
 Thy inward spirit feels.
 O! happy thou, girl of my song,
 Whose tears have power to gain
 What smiles and honied words have long
 Essayed in vain!

FAREWELL TO SLIPPERY ROCK HILLS.

I.

Ye Hills of Slippery Rock, farewell!

I leave you with a sigh;

For oh how lovely, none can tell!

How beauteous to my eye!

II.

Oft have I trodden with a heart

Far lighter than the breeze,

Along your roughest, wildest part,

Or 'mid your shady trees.

III.

Oft have I stood upon your rocks,

By Nature's finger piled,

That forth 'mid thunder's wildest shocks,

So many years have smiled!

IV.

And downward gazed upon the stream

That rolled in beauty on,

Far Westward, where the golden beam

Of fading day had gone.

V.

Oft have I roamed where torrents roared,

Far down your valleys deep,

And every dark ravine explored

Along each craggy steep!

VI.

And oft I've paused with listening ear,
 Within some quiet dell,
 Intent on distant hill to hear
 The well known heifer bell!

VII.

Recorded on my inmost heart
 Are those dear scenes of youth;
 Nor can the world's most perfect art,
 Efface that record's truth!

VIII.

But I must leave you, and afar
 My wandering feet may stray;
 Yet still your memory, like a star,
 Shall guide my doubtful way!

IX.

Once more, my native Hills, adieu!
 And, when my time has come,
 Since here my vital breath I drew,
 Here let me start for home!

AN EVENING MELODY

I.

The sound of flutes is on the air,
 The swelling music softly rolls,
 And gently breathes, as if it were
 The balm of wounded souls.

II.

There's freshness in the evening breeze,
 There's painted radiance in the sky,
 When such transcendent tones as these
 Are sweetly echoed by.

III.

O! for the pinions of the wind,
 To bear my spirit far away
 To some lone spot, where I might find
 A home of changeless day!

IV.

To some wild, solitary land,
 Where Nature rears her fairest flowers,
 The choicest products of her hand,
 To decorate her bowers!

V.

There's loveliness in every tone,
 Enough to soothe the heart's alarm,
 And in the harp-string's wildest moan,
 There is a secret charm.

VI.

There's beauty in the garden, where
The tender rose-bud opening shoots;
And songs of streams upon the air,
Awake the sound of flutes.

EVENING WORSHIP AT EDGEWORTH SEMINARY

I.

I love to hear the wild bee,
 When it comes, the Spring to greet,
 Filling the trees with music,
 And the flowers with echoes sweet!

II.

How innocent its love-lay,
 As it gaily glides along!
 But it fails to charm the listener,
 Like the Christian's evening song!

III.

I love to hear the streamlet,
 As it babbles down the hill:
 How laughingly it chatters!
 How it makes the bosom thrill!

IV.

Its song is never-ending,
 And its notes are rich and rare;
 But it is not half so stirring
 As the voice of evening prayer!

V.

I love to hear the night-wind,
 In a still and lonely spot,
 Breathing its notes of sorrow,
 When the soul is wrapped in thought

VI.

But oh! the breeze is lighter,
 And its voice is doubly strong,
 When it bears upon its bosom
 The low-warbled evening song!

VII

I love to hear the thunder
 As it peals, with godlike power,
 Along the echoing heavens,
 At the awful midnight hour.

VIII

For solemn is the death-note
 That succeeds the lightning's glare;
 But it cannot *melt* the spirit,
 Like the voice of evening prayer.

IX.

I love to stray at morning
 By Sewickly's gentle stream,
 While lightly plays the zephyr,
 Like the echo of a dream.

X.

But more I love at evening
 To behold the gathered throng,
 When, around their sacred altar,
 They pour forth the evening song!

XI.

I love by night to wander
 The green hills and valleys o'er,

And revel in the moonlight
On Ohio's pleasant shore!

XII.

Yet bright though be the moonlight,
There is nought so charming there
As the sacred song of twilight,
And the grateful evening prayer!*

* EDGEWORTH SEMINARY is located on the Ohio river, fifteen miles below Pittsburgh, on an extensive plain, called Sewickly valley. The situation is at once pleasant and healthful, while its natural advantages are greatly enhanced by careful cultivation. Under the care of its Principal, MRS. OLVER, a lady possessing, besides the requisite stock of knowledge, all the additional charms of the accomplished female; and situated as it is, in the midst of a growing and highly intelligent population, this Institution still continues, as heretofore, to merit and receive an extensive and well deserved patronage.

TO MIRA.

I.

MIRA, perhaps thy heart sincere
 Is lighted up by pleasure's beam:
 May heaven forbid that aught should e'er
 Disturb the bliss of thy young dream!

II.

May pleasure charm, with seraph voice;
 Hope's flowers long around thee bloom;
 Yet oh! remember, 'mid thy joys,
 The lonely, hapless child of gloom!

III.

While cradled in the lap of ease,
 O may one wish to Heaven ascend;
 A wish that God may guide in peace
 The wandering footsteps of thy friend!

THE WILD FLOWER.

I.

Who ever saw a flower so fair,
As the lonely one that blooms
Beside yon mountain streamlet, where
The humming bird and wild bee share
Alone its rich perfumes?

II.

The morning sun comes up so bright
To cheer a spot like this,
And with his sweet, reviving light,
He chases back the gloom of night,
While Nature wakes to bliss!

III.

There, far from gay and crowded throngs,
The forest floweret blows,
While every wild charm that belongs
To Nature's sweet, inspiring songs,
Around the beauty glows.

IV.

There are no hands around its home
To disturb its tiny cup;
It hears but the rill, the birds, and hum
Of the busy wild bees, when they come
To suck its nectar up.

V.

Mary, the flower girl, bright and hale,
 Has quitted her bed of chaff;
 For she loves to trip across the vale,
 To catch a breath of the morning gale,
 And hear the rill's soft laugh.

VI.

She loves that solitary flower,
 Lone tenant of the hills,
 And well she knows its moving power
 Were lost, when snatched from Nature's bower,
 Beside the mountain rills.

VII.

O who would take that flower away
 From its solitary home,
 Where wild birds chant their sweetest lay,
 And purest zephyr's ever play,
 Nor poisonous vapors come!

VIII.

O touch it not! but let it grow
 In its wild and shady dell;
 Let purest breezes round it flow,
 Let brightest sunshine o'er it glow,
 And softest music swell!

IX.

It graces well the lonely spot
 Where Nature gave it birth;
 A lovely scene! with beauty fraught,

And yet so wild, 'tis seldom sought
By the cruel lords of earth!

X.

And on it smiles in beauty there,
And we wonder as we gaze
On the stem, so simple, yet so fair,
And the flower, so common, yet so rare,
With its soft, subduing blaze!*

* The plant, *AQUILEGIA CANADENSIS*, the flower of which I used to fancy resembled flame in appearance.

I SING TO THEE, LOVED ONE.

I.

I sing to thee, loved one, when the stars
Look dimly from on high,
And the sun begins to burst the bars
Of the gilded Eastern sky!

II.

I sing to thee, loved one, when the ray
Of burning noon is bright,
And a countless host of insects play
In the warm and glowing light!

III.

I sing to thee, loved one, when the West
Is like a sea of gold,
Or a flaming fire on Ocean's breast,
As of beauty's fairest mould!

IV.

I sing to thee, loved one, oft by night,
When midnight silence reigns;
While a vision flits before my sight,
And I hear thy melting strains!

V.

I sing to thee, loved one, when I stray
Beside the mountain stream:

It returns an echo to my lay,
Like a half-forgotten dream!

VI.

I sing to thee, loved one, and I wait
To hear thy answering tone;
But alas! the ways of cruel Fate!
She hath left me all alone!

OH! HAS EARTH NO PEACE!

I.

Oh! has earth no peace?
 Will not sorrow cease?
 Life is full of trouble,
 Even from the cradle
 To the distant bourne:
 "Man was made to mourn!"

II.

Who can dry our tears?
 Who dispel our fears?
 He whose mercy gave us
 Christ the **L**ord to save us,
 Wipes the tear-drop dry
 From the mourner's eye.

III.

In the hour of death,
 Must we yield our breath?
 Yes, the day is coming.
 When our God shall summon
 To his awful bar,
 People near and far!

IV.

Who shall be our stay,
In that awful day?

'Tis the love of Jesus,
From the curse that frees us;
'Tis his pardoning blood,
Reconciles to God!

REQUIEM.

Calm as the Ocean's wave,
When storms are past and gone,
Now in thy silent grave,
Rest, happy one.

Now thou shalt weep no more!
On the Redeemer's breast,
Life's weary troubles o'er,
Fair spirit, rest!
Rest in peace!

TO AGNES.

I.

Kind AGNES, when I touch the lyre,
 It is not my intention
 To tamper with unhallowed fire,
 Or cheat thy condescension.
 If I should tune the strings to love,
 My harp would sink to slumbers:
 Its songs, believe me, soar above
 Those soft and plaintive numbers.

II.

I wish no purer, holier flame,
 Than that which Friendship kindles;
 Its sacred light is still the same;
 Its lustre never dwindles;
 Its orb is like the pale-faced moon,
 Our silvery beamed torch-lighter;
 Its rays, though scarcely felt at noon,
 At midnight shine far brighter.

III.

I wish no tear-drop, pillowed soft,
 On those sweet summer flowers;

I wish no love-sick sigh to waft
 My soul to Eden's bowers;
 But oh! my gentle AGNES, cast
 Thy sunny smiles around me!
 Should they but sun-bursts prove at last,
 They'll cheer, but cannot wound me!

IV.

Amidst anxiety and fears,
 Reclining on thy bosom,
 Should care provoke to bitter tears,
 How sweetly could I lose him!
 Or should they trickle o'er thy breast,
 That no dark spot or stain knows,
 Let smiles upon the tear-drop rest,
 And kindle it to rainbows.

V.

'Tis Friendship that supports our breath,
 Our doubts and fears beguiling;
 Enables us to greet pale Death,
 And hail the cold tomb, smiling!
 But Friendship shall survive the tomb,
 And burst through each dark portal,
 Shall rise, embalmed in heaven's perfume,
 And drest in youth immortal!

VI.

Accept the tribute of thy friend,
 Whose prayers for thee are given;
 Who hopes, when life's dull cares shall end,
 To meet thee high in heaven;

When pillowed on thy virtuous heart,
Despair can never hurt me;
For Hope and I shall never part.
Till every friend desert me.

DOST THOU REMEMBER?

I.

Dost thou remember that bright smile,
That played upon thy lips the while,
When sorrow made thy bosom smart,
And peace had vanished from thy heart?
As on the mountain's snowy height,
The sun may cast a lingering light,
When all is lone and dark beneath,
Robed in the livery of death!

II.

Dost thou remember that bright tear,
Forth gushing from its fountain clear,
That on thy breast so gently fell,
That breast that heaved with pity's swell?
Or has it vanished where it lay,
Like dew-drops in the morning ray?
And did the thought that bade it start,
As quickly vanish from thy heart?

III.

Dost thou remember that bright hour,
When Hope returned with quickening power,
And shone upon thee like the star
Of mercy, beaming from afar?

O happy hour! when hearts o'erflow
With joy no other heart can know!
That hour, when Hope's sustaining beam
Plays upon sorrow's sluggish stream!

SONG.

AIR,—“*Araby's Daughter.*”

I.

Farewell to thee, soft flowing Conoquenessing;
 Smile on in thy beauty, when I am afar!
 And oh! while enjoying my parents' fond blessing,
 I'll tell them how lovely thy bright waters are!
 Hereafter, through many a stormy commotion
 My spirit may pass; but will ever be true,
 And ne'er will forget, with what tender emotion,
 This morning, I bid thee a pensive adieu!

II.

Farewell, ye bright faces, that cluster around me!
 Enchanting your smiles, but I cannot delay;
 I must go to the region where fortune hath bound me,
 Of sad disappointment, the desolate prey!
 Yet say, will ye treasure the hour when we parted,
 With the beautiful Conoquenessing in view?
 And remember the tear that so bitterly started,
 That morn, when I bade you a pensive adieu!

WHERE CAN A PILGRIM, SPENT WITH CARE?

I.

Where can a pilgrim, spent with care,
 And many a tear of anguish shed,
 Find, O Content, a mansion, where
 He may lay in peace his aching head!
 O can the weary spirit find
 A balm for sorrow's piercing smart?
 A home in some congenial mind,
 In th' embrace of some confiding heart?

II.

Contentment, to thy shrine I go,
 To linger round thy peaceful urn,
 Till tears of bliss refuse to flow,
 And thy sacred fires have ceased to burn!—
 O weary pilgrim, find a rest,
 Unbroken, calm, and roam no more,
 Reclined on woman's faithful breast,
 And the burden of thy toils is o'er!

SPECIMEN OF TRANSLATION.

"Diffugere nives: redeunt jam gramina campis,
Arboribusque comæ."—HORACE.

I.

The cheerless snow is melted
By Spring's soft, gentle breeze;
Green herbage crowns the meadows,
And leaves adorn the trees.
All Nature joys at finding
Another season fled;
And gently flow the rivers
Along their pebbly bed.

II.

The Nymphs, and pleasant Graces,
With tender flowing song,
Are swift to chant their numbers,
And lead the dance along.
Our days, so swiftly passing,
Our moments gliding by,
Forbid the expectation
Of Immortality.

III.

How softly breathe the zephyrs!
How sweet the flowers they bring!

But soon those flowers are faded,
 For Summer chases Spring:
 And when the sober Autumn
 With fruits adorns the plain,
 The shortened days remind us
 Of Winter's dreary reign.

IV.

The Moon repairs *her* losses;
 But where *our* bones are laid,
We wait our resurrection—
We are but dust and shade!
 Who knows that on to-morrow
 The glorious sun shall rise?
 All hangs upon the pleasure
 Of Him, who rules the skies.

V.

Why do we gather riches
 To leave among our heirs,
 Since every earthly portion
 Can but increase their cares?
 When once the gloomy portals
 Of Death's dark vale are past,
 And when the last decision
 Upon our souls is past—

VI.

Nor wealth, nor noble parents,
 Nor soft-toned eloquence,
 10

Nor piety, nor honor,
Can e'er recall us thence.
The labor of Diana
And Theseus, how vain!
To rescue the beloved one,
Or break th' infernal chain!

THE FAREWELL TO MY HARP.

I.

My Harp, farewell! In happier days,
 'Twas sweet to wake thy plaintive tone:
 I loved alike thy cheerful lays,
 And thy wild, solitary moan:
 But sorrow's cold and shivering blast
 Has dried at length my heart's deep springs:
 Thy days of melody are past;
 For frozen tears have clogged thy strings!

II.

Cold frowns, and disappointment bleak,
 Have fastened silence, deep and long,
 Upon thy chords, ill-tuned and weak,
 E'en in the midst of thy young song.
 Still would thy struggling numbers tell
 The shaft that made my bosom smart;
 The dreadful shipwreck that befel
 My fond and unsuspecting heart.

III.

Yet may thy strains resound above,
 When in my cold and watery grave
 I sleep—in some dark coral grove
 Beneath the blue, transparent wave!
 May heavenly breezes waft thee o'er
 The troubled ocean, vast and wide,

To bright Elysium's happy shore,
On the rough surface of the tide!

IV.

May some fair spirit, wandering there,
Find thee, and snatch thee from the surge;
That on thy strings a milder air
May play thy master's funeral dirge!
May many in that spirit land
Hear thy wild-warbled numbers rise,
Long as thy breathing chords are fanned
By the soft winds of paradise!

POEMS BY THE AUTHOR'S SISTER

POEMS BY THE AUTHOR'S SISTER.

The following POEMS were written by the author's sister, and are inserted here at the request of a number of the patrons of the present work.

NIGHT.

The Night comes on, and twilight's holy spell
Is gently resting on the quiet earth:
The cool and gentle breezes stir the air,
And Cynthia sheds her mellow light around.
At this hushed hour, when Nature calmly sleeps:
When care-worn laborers seek the still repose
Of their own dwellings, let me wander forth
Through shady groves, where Muses hold their court.
And win the wood-nymph from her flowery nook—
My object gained, my lyre attuned to song,
I haste to chant thy numbers, "Starry Night."

How beautiful the dome of Heaven appears,
When night-gems glitter in the vast expanse
Of boundless, deep, unfathomable blue!
When Hesperus and Cynthia lead on
Their sister planets in the mystic dance,
And, one by one, they joyfully come forth
To join the revelry, and sing the praise
Of Him who fixed creation's utmost bound!

Night's beautiful, when weary Nature seeks
 Relief from all her toils in balmy sleep;
 When her untiring watchers, peering forth
 From out the still recesses of the sky,
 Watch o'er the brow, where many furrows drawn
 By Care's hard hand, reveal each tale of wo,
 And o'er the lid, where sleep toil sweetened rests!

Night's beautiful, when hill and valley, clad
 In robes of green, rejoice in Luna's smile;
 When, in her silver car, high o'er the earth
 She threads her way through mists of upper air,
 And smiles in love upon this wandering ball.

Night's beautiful. 'Tis in its silent hush
 My thoughts unfettered stray to realms unknown,
 And mingle in the joys of other spheres;
 And oft, 'mid the low breathings of the air,
 Mysterious melody swells on my ear.
 Hark! on the passing breeze are borne the notes
 Of some lost loved one, wafted from afar;
 From Heaven's clime, some note of comforting
 To mourning friends, who weep the absent dead,
 And sorrowing drop a tear on memory's shrine!

But morning comes: I know it by that star
 That, robed in glory, twinkles in the court
 Of Eastern hemisphere, and whispers low,
 "Morn comes!" See, see! the streak of light that first
 But dimly shone, grows brighter, and the clouds
 Are faintly tinged with red. Then let me steal
 Into the still retreat of my own breast,
 And there abide, silent and voiceless, till

The glorious orb of day shall once again
Descend behind the Western mountain peaks,
And Night, with all her shadowy stillness,
Closes around.

MUSIC.

I.

What is it steals on balmy wing,
 With air serene and light?
 It flows in every breath of spring,
 With pure and holy flight.

II.

It breathes in summer's rosy bowers,
 Where all around is gay.
 What steals the rich perfume of flowers?
 'Tis Music's softest lay.

III.

When, robed in Autumn's yellow leaves,
 The forest trees decay,
 What is it then the mind relieves?
 'Tis Music's softest lay.

IV.

When, flitting round the wintry fire,
 The moments calmly glide,
 Then Music's gentle streams conspire
 To smooth life's ebbing tide.

V.

Where'er we go, where'er we rest,
 It still salutes the ear;

It calms the sorrows of the breast,
And soothes the rising fear,

VI.

It is the zephyr's sweetest breath,
That yields a placid calm;
It is the soul's relief in death,
The spirit's healing balm!

THE INDIAN MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

Around my wigwam, the twilight fall
 Is shedding its dews on the sycamores tall:
 The moon looks from heaven, all radiant and clear,
 And the water-fall's murmuring is soft on my ear:
 The bold Chieftain's war-song revives my lone heart,
 And bids the remembrance of wo to depart!

Oh! hear my sigh! ye whose homes are bright,
 Whose hearths and firesides are fraught with delight!
 You think not, alas! of the Indian Maiden,
 Whose breast is with care and sorrow laden!
 My parents are laid in the silent tomb,
 And the fall flower fades on their forest home:
 My friends and my kindred around me lie,
 And o'er their lone graves the breezes sigh!

I am told, when you plough the soil, you find
 The dart which the warrior hath left behind;
 That you dwell in the forests where once, arrayed
 In chieftain's garb, the proud hunter strayed;
 That you love your streamlets: O think! they lave
 The flowers that bloom on the Red Man's grave!

And you tread in the vales where our fathers trod,
 And pour out your prayer to the Indian's God:
 But where is the Indian? His form may glide
 O'er your lofty dwellings at eventide;
 Or you hear his moan in the willow shade,

When the tempest howls through the tangled glade;
But you see him not, though his ghost is there,
And his wail of grief rends the midnight air!

We will soon, alas! be known no more!
We'll be far beyond the Western shore!
No longer our peaceful dwellings you'll trace;
But the Forest will weep for a fallen race!
I have thought, as I've gazed on the setting sun,
That the race of the Red Man would soon be run;
That he'll sink, like a star, behind the wave,
And find in its depths a coral grave.
Then, where will the Indian spirit be found?
In our distant and happy hunting ground!

THE HEBREW CAPTIVES.

'The air was fragrant, and serene the sky;
 'The spicy gales swept balmily along;
 'The sun was sinking glorious in the West,
 And cast his level rays across the land
 Of dire captivity—the land of sighs—
 When Judah's captives sat desponding down,
 Beneath the shadow of the willow tree.

How did their swelling hearts with anguish burn,
 When they remembered Zion! All the joys
 That once they tasted in that favored land,
 Rose up before them, but to mock their grief,
 And call unbidden forth the sorrowing tear!
 O Euphrates! that e'er the scalding tear
 Of Slavery's sons should mingle in thy tide!
 That e'er the broken sigh should rend the air
 That hangs so peaceful o'er thy pebbly bed.

Alas! for Judah's crowned head is low!
 The sceptred hand hath fallen silently;
 And on the mountain tops dread silence reigns,
 Where once the shepherd sang the simple lay
 Of freedom, and rejoiced in still repose.

'Twas night on Babel's lofty terraces,
 And thro' the gorgeous towers the wild winds strayed;
 The Moon had marshalled all her starry host,
 And onward moved in graceful majesty.

So still, methinks, she kept her vigils o'er
 The revellers within the banquet hall
 Of King Belshazzar. All was mirth,
 And not a sound was heard save that of joy:
 The song and wine went round, and once again
 They mingled in the dance.

But in that hour,
 Judah's lone captives sought the willowy strand
 Of proud Euphrates, there to vent their grief,
 And hang their harps upon the pendant boughs
 That lightly quivered o'er their drooping heads.

Well might they thus their choral song suspend,
 When, on the wings of memory, they turned
 Back to their native land, their Father's home,
 The spot that gave them birth, and nurtured into life
 The first young dawns of fraternal love.
 What were they now? A spoiled and injured band,
 Torn from that home and kindred ties, which bind
 The sorrowing soul to earth, and turn the cup
 Of bitterness into a draught of sweet.

And while, beneath that starred and moonlit sky,
 They, one by one, in adoration knelt,
 The low and thrilling tones of Daniel's voice
 Arose, like incense, from devotion's shrine.

Full well they knew, the time drew near, the time
 Predicted by the holy man of God,
 When Babylon must fall; when to the earth
 Her proud and haughty King should bow his head.
 The seventy years had gone their tedious round,
 And brought the tyrant's reign so near a close,

They now but waited for the morrow's sun
To dawn upon their freedom, or to blast
The loved and cherished promise of their God.

The tear that gathered in the pensive eye,
While they rehearsed the story of their wrongs,
Too plainly told, that all the band were not
In that lone gathering, that once had met
"Along the banks of Babel's rolling streams."
The hoary-headed veteran, who had seen
The rise and fall of kingdoms, stood alone,
Leaning upon his staff, while from his side
His sons and daughters, one by one, had fallen.

The morrow dawned. But was Belshazzar there,
Upon his lofty throne? Did, at his feet,
Counsellors and courtiers obeisance make?
O no! The sounds of revelry had ceased,
And mirth had fled those lately brilliant halls.

TO HARRIET.

I.

If memory can lend a balm
 To wounds, inflicted when we part,
 O then let sorrow cease, and calm
 Be every drooping, throbbing heart.

II.

You go to busy scenes of life;
 I to my lonely walks repair;
 The friends and joys thou'lt meet are rife
 With blessings, you'll hereafter share.

III.

But, when your mind is light and gay,
 When smiles upon your lips do start,
 Oh! chase the airy dream away,
 And think on my sad, lonely heart!

IV.

Oft, scenes of sadness bade us weep,
 And tears o'erflowed each mournful eye,
 Those seasons past in memory keep,
 And think of them whene'er you sigh!

V.

Where'er you go, may you be blest!
 May heavenly dew upon your soul

Descending, give you gentle rest,
While times and seasons round do roll!

VI.

We ne'er may meet; but in my heart
Your memory shall ever be!
O then, dear friend, let mine have part
In yours, and still "remember me!"

TO SAMANTHA, ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND.

I.

He has gone to the land where the weary rest,
Where the waves cease to roll o'er the pilgrim's breast,
Where the air is fragrant, the sky ever clear;
For the God of love sheds his glories there.

II.

He has gone to his home beyond the sky,
No more to sorrow—no more to die;
He has stemmed the tide of Jordan's wave,
And reigns in glory beyond the grave.

III.

Then mourn not, bereaved one, though lone may seem
Thy path through a land where dangers teem,
His spirit will guard you where'er you roam,
And smile as you near his far off home!

IV.

Thou hast heard of a region far away,
Where our sun sends not his golden ray;
Where the river of life flows calm and clear,
And harpers and minstrels are wandering near:
There, in those realms of endless day,
Is thy loved one, whispering, "Come away!"

TO MISS E. S.

I.

There is a voice I've often heard
Amid the gloom of sorrow's night;
'Tis borne upon an angel's wing
From distant realms of joy and light.

II.

'Tis Friendship's voice—may you its tones
In all your cares and sorrows hear!
May friends still rise to heal your woes,
And life's dark pathway sweetly cheer!

III.

This boon I ask,—though distant far
In other climes you chance to roam,
Remember her, whose prayer shall be,
That you may find in Heaven a home!

THE EMPRESS.

She sat absorbed in gloomy thought,—the fair,
The gifted one, the Empress Josephine.
Her deep blue eye, in its calm clearness, gazed
Upon the round full moon, as on she rode
In silvery brightness through the midnight sky.
Dark robes were thrown around her airy form,
And the rich tresses shaded her pale brow.

She sat alone. No gentle voice was near
To sooth the sorrows of her bursting heart,
Or pour the balm of tender words upon
The burning fount of unrequited love.

Her way had been a weary one. The Star
Of love, at first but dimly lighted, soon
Went down behind Ambition's stormy wave,
And left her tide-worn bark, in darkness lone,
Without a helm, on time's tempestuous sea.

What deep thought filled her soul, and caused
A saddened smile upon her radiant face?
Was it that memory, with its magic power,
Was reveling 'mid Parisian throngs,
Where once the gifted Josephine had shone.
The reigning star in beauty's galaxy?
Was it that, on imagination borne,
Once more she stood upon the parapets
Of her ancestral palace, gazing far

Around the rich and widely spread domain,
Waiting the coming of the fondly loved?

Or did a memory of infant years
Come o'er the strings of her affections, like
A zephyr soft from other climes doth fan
The exile's aching brow?

O no! her ever true, her woman's heart,
Was far away amid the ocean isles,
With him who once had been her bosom's lord!

THE SISTER'S FAREWELL.

I.

My brother, dost thou go forever
 O'er the world's wide waste to roam?
 And wilt thou then revisit never
 The peaceful scenes around our home?

II.

"Yes, dear sister, we must sever,
 Though our hearts have loved so well;
 Hence our paths must be divided;
 None alas! our way may tell!"

III.

Go then—go, my youthful brother!
 Though my heart be filled with wo,
 Thou wilt never hear me murmur;
 Thou my grief wilt never know!

IV.

Cradled on the stormy ocean,
 Far from sister, friends and home,
 Thou wilt soon forget thy mourner,
 When thy feet have learned to roam!

V.

Shouldst thou ever be forsaken;
 Should the cold world friendless prove;
 None be near thee to awaken
 The memory of a sister's love;

VI.

Still that love is ever with thee,
Though thy lot may lowly be;
And o'er life's tempestuous billows,
A sister's prayers shall follow thee.

VII.

May the God of heaven go with thee,
Shield thy lonely path from harm!
Guard thee ever by his presence,
And uphold thee with his arm!

VIII.

Farewell—farewell—for time is waning,
The hour draws nigh, and we must part!
Go! but with thee bear thy sister,
Ever graven on thy heart!



